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MARCH 15, 1968

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VOGUE

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PENN

COVER: From Italy, Tiziani's delectable short, flared evening dress in stripes of white lace and shining blue bugle beads with a banded collar frilling high at the chin. Dress, of Dognin lace, and Charles Elkaim earrings: at Sara Fredericks. . . . More shining ideas—these from Kenneth—on what makes a beauty this spring: eyes gleamy with Brown Glitter Lid Color and fringed top and bottom with Eye Graphics lashes. A gleam of Terracotta, a warmed-up pink, on the lips. The coiffure by Alan of Kenneth.

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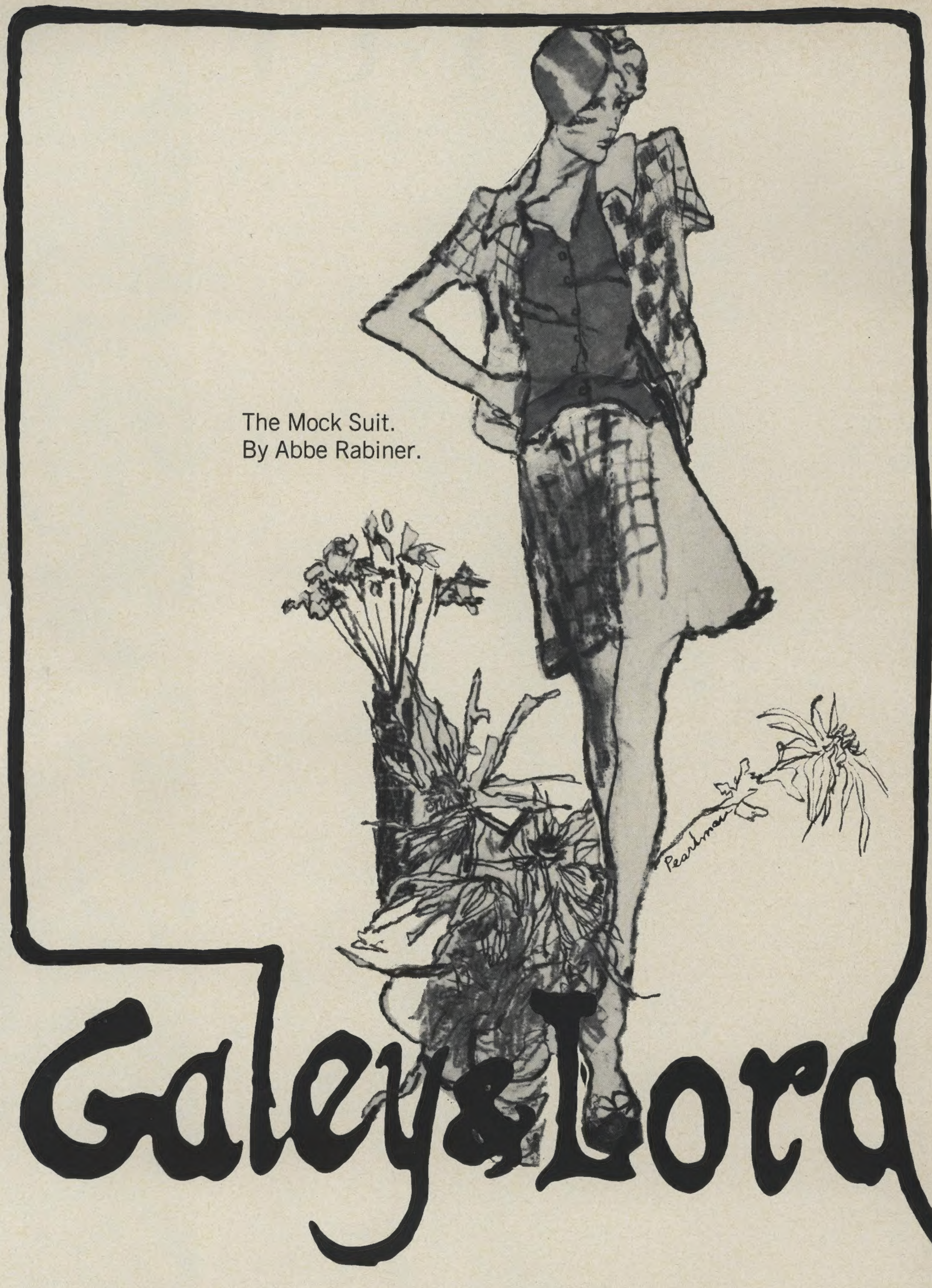
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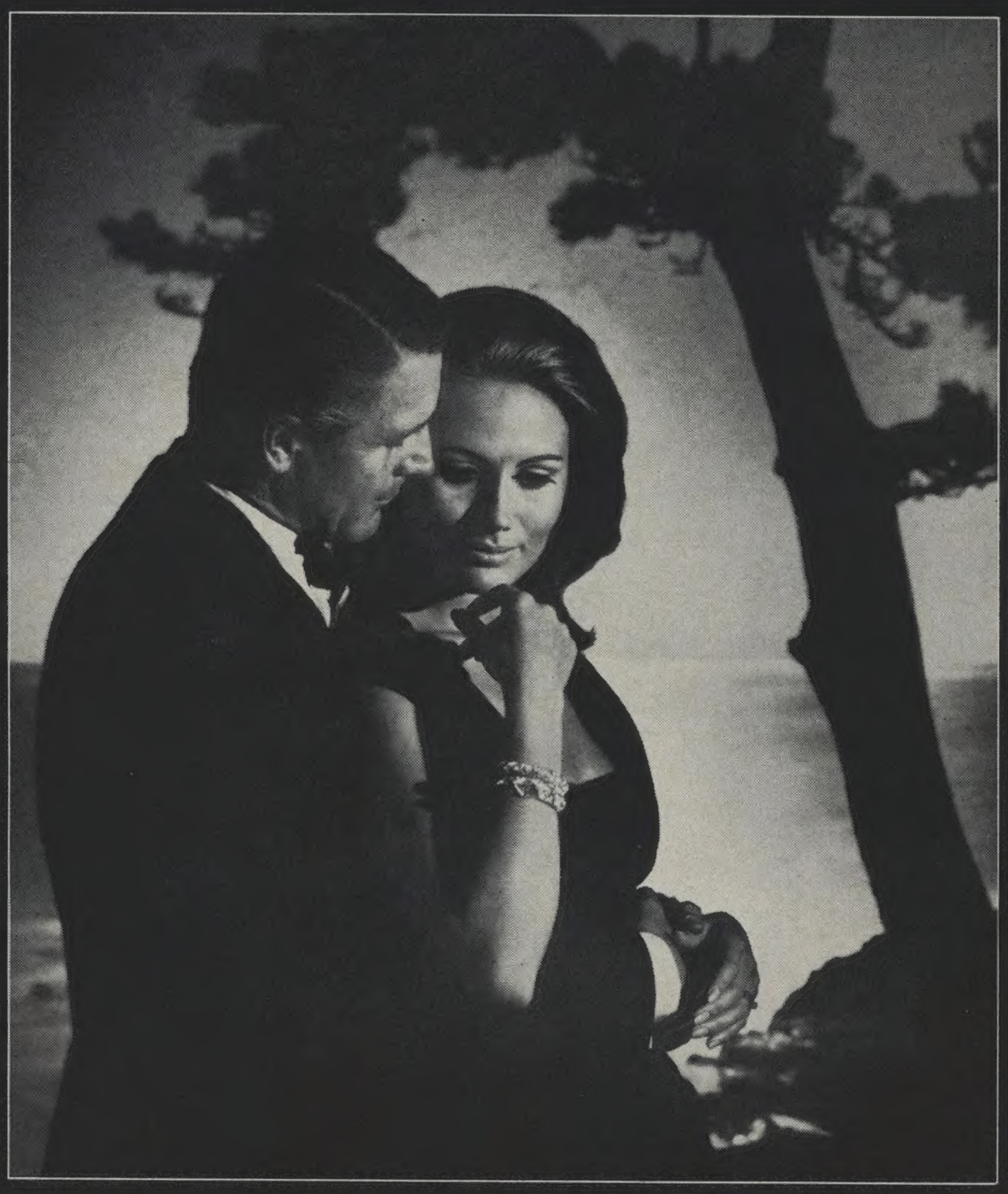


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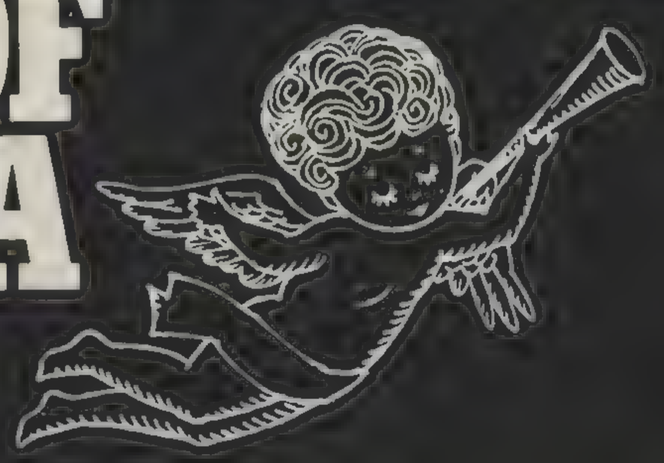
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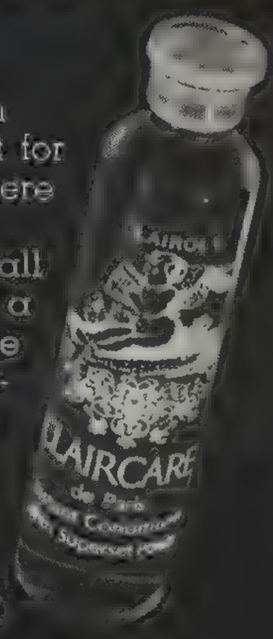
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The Olympian places photographed here and on the next pages: Greece. The new Greece of luxury, the old Greece of magnificence. Travelling to Greece with you are marvelous little whisks of Ban-Lon dresses designed especially for the trip by Ginori. Of course, Olympic flies you there in one of their jets with food fit for the gods. You've arrived, *right,* in a glazed Ban-Lon coat, doubles for rain too, with dress in the same print, $120. CHAT Tours, *above,* takes you to the Acropolis as well as every other place in Greece. The Ban-Lon shirtdress is $60. You've discovered The Plaka, *left,* the most ancient part of Athens. Try it at night for the tavernas in Ginori's Grecian dress, $45. **Ginori's Ban-Lon dresses, Third Floor.**

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GINORI'S BAN-LON® PRINTS, GREECE'S FAMOUS METAXA





The Byzantine monastery at Kesariani dates from the 11th century. CHAT Tours takes you there, *right,* for a picnic à la Greque. Metaxa's Ouzo is the must to drink—Greece's gift to the rest of the world. Ban-Lon dress tells you that Greece is a "Dream of Love," $50. At Arachova, *left,* a small town on the way to Delphi, stop for a drink of Metaxa Brandy at the local cafe before you inspect the array of Greek handcrafts. Ban-Lon belted shift in Greek sun colours, $50. At Vouliagmeni, *above,* minutes from Athens, just one of many beautifully planned, super-convenient marinas built by the National Tourist Organization of Greece. Ban-Lon dress that charms the natives, $55. **Ginori's Ban-Lon clothes, Third Floor.**

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EVERYTHING UNDER THE GREEK SUN

BAN-LON® CHIC BY GINORI, THE LUXE ASTIR PALACE, THE ISLAND-CHARM OF HYDRA

Newest pride of the Astir Tourism and Hotel Company, *right,* is the Astir Palace at Vouliagmeni—part of the new Greece with incredibly luxurious bungalows, clubhouse and beaches—and only twenty minutes from Athens. Ban-Lon classic shift in soft colours, $50. You've arrived on the island of Hydra, *below,* via one of Sun Line's fast cruise ships—much new-Greece luxury here too, in the accommodations, the food. Ban-Lon print to wear belted or not, $45. Ban-Lon whittling, *left,* shot in Hydra's port, $55. **Ginori's Ban-Lon clothes, Third Floor.**

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A WOMAN COLLECTS MARTEX FOR PURELY PERSONAL REASONS



West Point Pepperell

If "sophisticate" describes you, for instance, you'd enjoy surrounding yourself with Luxor® towels in the new Angelique print and the solid colors that dramatize it. But whatever kind of woman you are, you can find Martex® colors and textures and patterns to suit your personality and express your approach to life. Martex towels, of course, and now sheets and blankets, too.

We sold 731,000 Strawberry Frappés... and we're not in the ice cream business!

Our Strawberry Frappé, you see, is a cleansing cream. It's just one star in a glittering galaxy of Holiday Magic cosmetics and toiletries. A galaxy that includes Papaya Dew Moisturizer, Mint Ice with Honey and Almond, Banana Body Lotion, Lemon Delight Eye and Throat Oil, and Avocado Hand Cream. These deliciously tantalizing names are just a hint of how refreshingly different Holiday Magic products really are. Different from anything you've seen before. Different from any beauty aids you've *used* before. From exotic fragrances to a fantastic spectrum of lipsticks, nail polishes, basetones, eyeliners and skin pamperers, they're all specially formulated to be so much more than "just makeup." Holiday Magic cosmetics and toiletries actually awaken your true sleeping beauty, make you look your very loveliest. (Just ask that man in your life!) They're sold by your local Holiday Girl and in fine beauty and specialty shops all over the country. Try some of these unique new Holiday Magic products with the delicious names today. But please—don't eat the cosmetics!

Holiday Magic COSMETICS





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If you can't go to Denmark right now, you simply must have Danish to go: Vera's new collection instigated by all the frivoli at Tivoli. Yes, Vera loved Tivoli Gardens and, being Vera, she didn't just look. She painted. And painted. Non-stop. Because everything at Tivoli is going somewhere. Even if it's around in circles. Roller Coasters. Sparklers. Bubbles. Targets. Spinning Lights. Her pinwheel is just part of the goings you should have on. So, ready, set, go Danish to go with everything inspired by Denmark including a cotton duck top $15, going over Ban-Lon® shorts of DuPont nylon $13. Or a pure silk shirt $27, with Ban-Lon® pants $16. Or a silk pongee shirt $18, topping a long wrap skirt in a rich sweep of primaVera™ double knit acetate $33.



Or a cotton duck dress with belt going empire $25. Almost all in sizes 6 to 18. And overhead, the 28" square silk twill signature scarf $5. All in Vera colors which have gone delightfully Danish.

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Danish to go

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There is a certain kind of woman who can pronounce Van Gogh's and Brueghel's names the way they did. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



Strolling along the Zuider Zee (or even the Potomac) would be a lovely time to wear this cane-check dress and matching coat. The sleeveless A dress has in-seam pockets just like the coat's. And the coat closes with white ball buttons and patent belt. Cotton. Taupe, navy, or black with white. 8 to 16, 95.00

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

March 15

Who wears the black hat?

If you'd asked us, a few short months ago, what a bariatrician was, we'd either have taken a wild guess ("Native of Bari, Italy?"), or just admitted that we didn't know. But since then, bariatricians and bariatrics have been much in the news, and we're now prepared to enlighten. A bariatrician is a doctor who specializes in the treatment of overweight patients. (The Greek word *baros* means weight.) Ideally, he's a skilled professional with a thorough grasp of many medical disciplines: internal medicine and nutrition, to name two—because obesity can and often does interlock with other, coexisting problems. At worst, he's an irresponsible dispenser of "rainbow pills"—often containing powerful drugs—who gives his patients a perfunctory (at best) physical checkup on the first visit, and little or no supervision after that. It is these men, and the drug companies that supply them, who have recently been investigated by the U. S. Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee—its chairman said, "It is clear that there is great danger in (this) kind of obesity treatment." . . . How to tell the good from the bad? We've recently been in touch with a small, highly ethical professional group, the American Society of Bariatrics, which is leading the fight against dangerous—or simply futile—weight-reduction practices. It offers the following guidelines: First, make sure that the doctor you choose gives a complete medical examination which includes: electrocardiogram, urinalysis, blood sugar, hemoglobin, cholesterol level, and thyroid function evaluation. Second, make sure that he's prepared to supervise the subsequent treatment closely; he should insist on seeing you at least once a month, and you should be able to call him whenever you sense something may be wrong. "Diet pills per se are not the culprits," said a spokesman for the Society, "it's the fact that the patient may be unsupervised, or poorly supervised, while under medication." Since the Society itself is small—about 250 bariatricians are members, of the approximately 5,000 now practising in the United States—it doesn't say that the bariatrician chosen must be a member. ("We don't say that all the other guys wear black hats," said our spokesman.) However, it does have members in most sizeable American cities. . . .

Exercise class to go

It happens, often, in a fitting room where lights and mirrors show, with greenish realism, that some efforts toward a body shape-up can be put off no longer. The Sudden Determination. And the immediate questions—how, where, when? A very reasonable measure—in all ways—that we found lately is the exercise classwork of Lilian Rowen, with the extra advantage of her latest idea: a take-home system of exercise in the form of a record and slides, called the Reco-Slide course—to be used by you alone, or with your own genial little group. On the LP, swinging Tijuana-brassy music and Miss Rowen's pleasant, slightly-Viennese-accented voice directing the sequence of movements. On the slides (thirty-two to project on wall or view through viewer), Miss Rowen and two star pupils demonstrate. You get the word, you get the picture. And you also get a marvellous figure, judging by Miss Rowen and some of her attractive regulars in bright leotards whom we met at the comfortable studio in the East Seventies where her "off-the-record" classes are held. Pupils are all ages. One surprising grandmother told us of the morale-lift she gets when she can do an exercise better than some of the younger women. Ha, we thought, this group therapy has something. . . . Miss Rowen's been in the shaping-up business some fifteen years, limits her classes to five, keeps hours to accommodate almost anyone, feels that twice-a-week sessions are the most advisable but, failing that, a persevering once-a-week pays off—more slowly, but surely. . . . Her Reco-Slide course: $16.95 at Abercrombie & Fitch; or write Lilian Rowen, Box 520, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N. Y. 10021. . . .



Red, Right and Blue

Start Spring off with three loud cheers for Dorothy Gray's Red, Right and Blue!

Red as in Glory Red, a brilliant knock-'em-dead-in-'68 shade.

Right as in Right White gloss, an over-or-under glaze of pure glow-power.

Blue as in Cherry Blue, the blue pink that's so right with Spring's prettiest navys.

Red, Right and Blue is a whole flagful of colors in Dorothy Gray's moister-than-moist Liquessence® Lipstick... and coordinated nailenamels, too.

And, of course, Red, Right and Blue is a snap-to silk stripe by Mollie Parnis.

Red, Right and Blue is so gay, it's almost sinful.

Then, after all, isn't that what Spring is for?

Dorothy Gray



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The others are not J&B rare scotch whisky

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Excellence in the recharging department

It follows that the legion of followers of Mme. Grès, whose current collection some fashion brains insist is her best ever, are familiar with Cabochard. The great Grès fragrance. Familiar with at least some of its various forms—perfume, bath oil, soap, eau de toilette. (Among her directions for use: "For happy hose, use a drop of bath oil in the wash water.") . . . They know that Cabochard eau de toilette spray has been around for some time. It's a good strong aerosol with a fine spray mist that evokes all the persistent captivation we associate with Paris. . . . But do they know this? A while back, Mme. Grès designed a spray rechargé, a refill to slip into the eau de toilette's enamelled canister case. Attractive in itself, the rechargé weighs a fraction of the canister, the better to jet it around. Holds a lot, and is shatterproof. Doesn't cost anywhere near as much as the elegant canister version, naturally. Yet you can get the rechargé without investing in the original. Puzzling? Never mind. We're all charged up about the idea.

The "you've-got-to-give-a-little" division

We deliver imaginary lectures to certain women we know: "Do you ever stop to think that your hair needs a régime of care like your skin? That if you want gloss, polish, bounce, vitality, you'll have to work a little for it, a little while every day?" Now along comes Frances Denney with four new Source of Beauty products made to be as helpful to the hair as her cream of the same name is to the face. That's action, not words. Having gone into the matter—root, shaft, and follicle—Frances Denney slips a dash or more of conditioner into each item to help unravel troubles while doing helpful things. There's a rich, gentle Source of Beauty shampoo that can be used every day if need be. A combo conditioning-hair set lotion. A nice light hair spray to hold, set, recoup. And—newest news—Source of Beauty spray hair gloss that's *not* a holding spray but *is* an instant polisher, a sheer dressing for a shining finish. Now, all these items cross lines by healthy-ing up while performing other benefits, so if you can't exactly tell what's doing what, that's fine. So long as *you* do a little something, too. (More Ready Beauty, page 38)



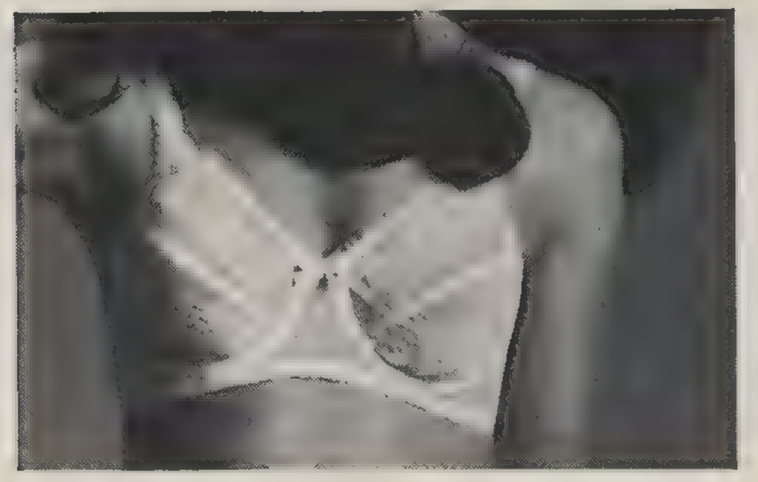


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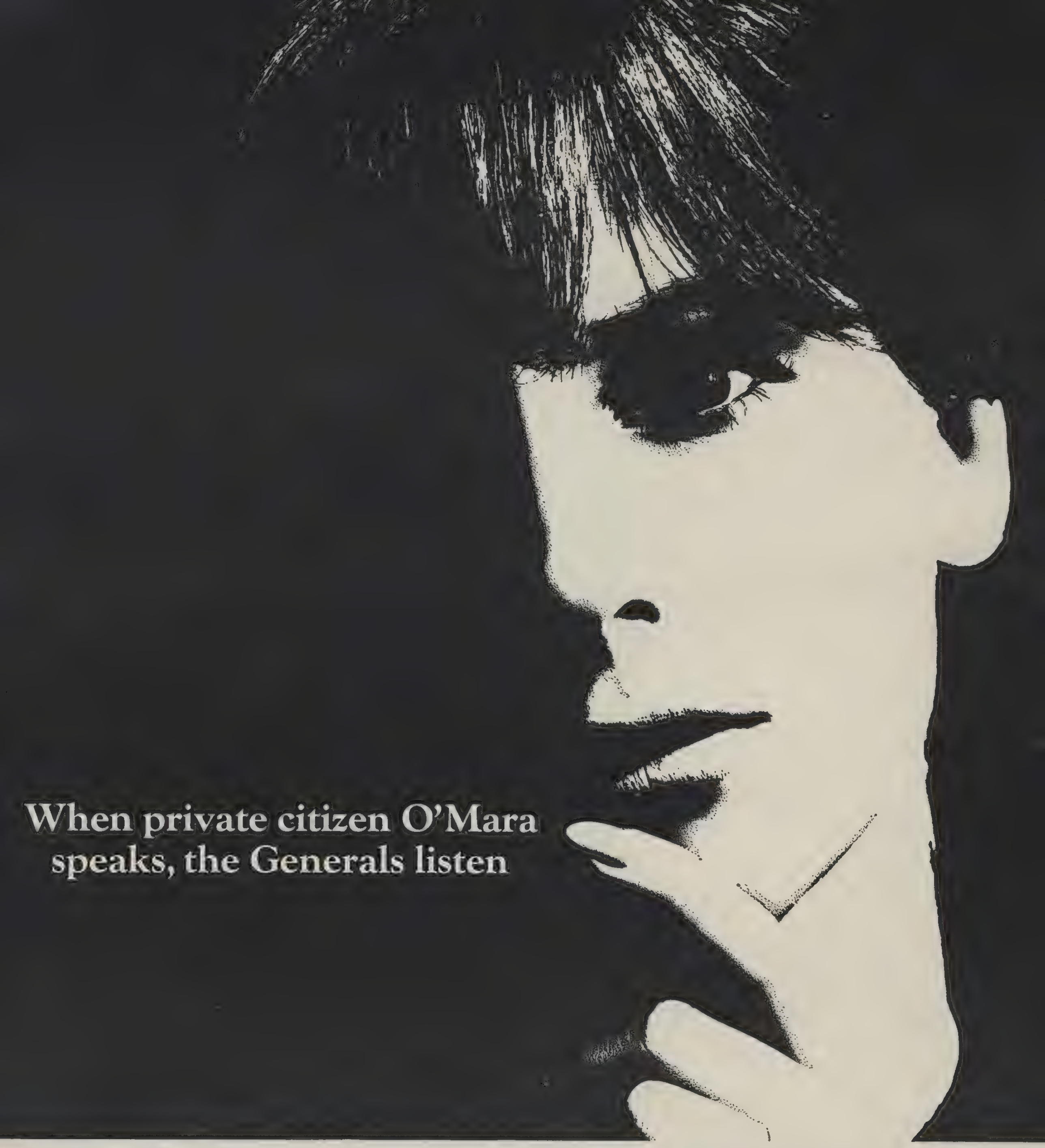
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Yet, strangely enough, there are well-meaning people in this country today who just don't see it that way. They think Mrs. O'Mara is confused by *too much* choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe, just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 36 different kinds of cars. Reduce the choice, they say. Wouldn't four kinds of cake mix be enough? Standardize the products. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of batter but she hasn't a test tube to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs. O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plum-nut mix—and that's apt to be the first to go when they start cutting back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

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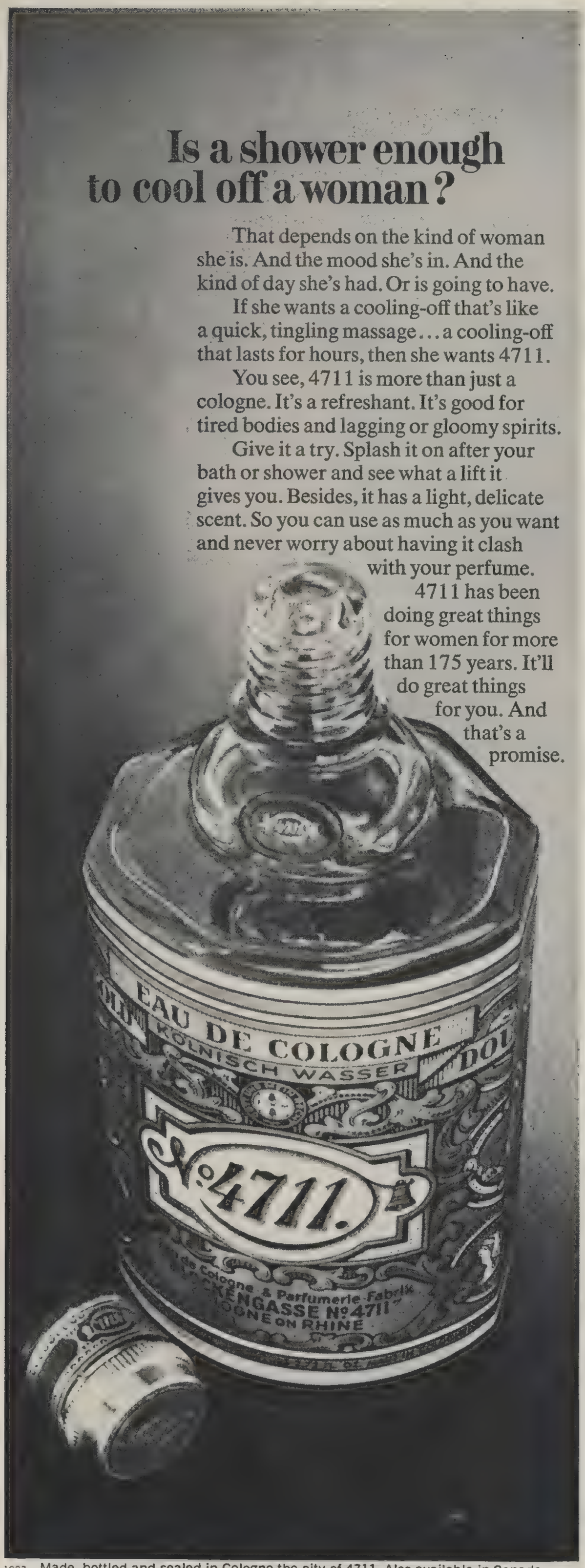
The age of innocence.

In the Thirties (and that's just about when we were in our thirties), the scarf look was quite the rage. We believe this very feminine, very off-hand, very flattering-to-little girls look is very right for today. We interpret it in a skillfully side-pleated dress of Durable Press, narrow wale pique, a blend of Fortrel® polyester and cotton. In "My Blue Heaven" blue, and Sweet Kate pink; sizes 2 to 4, about $7.00; 3 to 6x, about $9.00; and 7 to 14, about $10.00.* This and just about every Kate Greenaway in sizes 3 to 14 has a secret pocket. See if you can find it!

Then and now, Kate Greenaway for the Age of Innocence.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

As soon as she's old enough . . .

Early teen-ager, straining at the leash to grow older, keeps trying on ideas and attitudes, sort of rehearsing the rôle of being a woman. "Everything is going to smell pretty . . . closets, clothes, linens, as well as me." We're with her. As soon as she's old enough, we plan to endow her with something of such expansive olfactory value as Charles of the Ritz Ritual Cologne. Ritual is definitely not kid stuff. On the contrary. It's a complex matter of interesting florals, patchouli, and sandalwood, with sensuous suggestions of musk and civet. Very meaningful fragrance. Now captured in an aerosol spray, Ritual can be swooshed around significantly. Travels well, stays long. Can be echoed in Ritual bath oil and body perfume for more of that ambiance. Anybody in the grown-up department might as well get the full benefits thereof.

Taking the sting out of retirement

It's not your crowning glory they're after this time, but that colour-coordinated eye makeup. Clairol's eye makeup cleanser does a fast, easy job of taking off any hue you've so artistically used. Comforting to know it's a sting-proof lotion. Nice to know it's non-smear. Handy bottle to have in the wee hours when the point is to get off with it and on with retiring . . . or when you decide to change your colour scheme.

Preface to putting your face on

The tensed-up, involved ones who get a lot done seem to think their relaxed sisters are on to something they don't know. The so-called relaxers aren't really—because deep down they feel out of things. You can't win. But you meet on a common plane of at least *looking* untense. There's a new idea called Quick-Firm by John Robert Powers that performs some fast sleight-of-face. Not quite a masque, it flows on like a lotion, then acts up to wake up circulation, firm up, tone up . . . up, up. Four minutes on, seconds off, then glide on a moisturizer and carry on. The resulting effect makes you and your makeup look better, brisker. More light and power to you. It's a good trend, this business of preparing the skin before putting your face on. You might call it a *preface*. Pre-face. Stimulating and cleansing being the idea for the "pre." Quick-Firm being the means. See? Some things you *can* win.

(More Ready Beauty, page 137.)

this year's legs are seen

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VOGUE'S

A princely Paris party with a Malagasy beat



1



2



3



4

"This party seemed to warrant everyone pulling their best jewels out of the bank—dazzling," wrote a guest at the Paris dinner dance given by Prince and Princess Edward de Lobkowicz "to see and mix up their French and international friends." Enormous bouquets in red and white, the Lobkowicz heraldic colours, decorated the tables at the Ritz.

Champagne was served only from magnums ("It tastes better that way") before and during dinner for a hundred or so. Two hundred more friends arrived later for dancing. Nothing stuffy. If the guest list stemmed mostly from the Almanach de Gotha, the music makers came from Madagascar: The Safaris, "small fellows with electric guitars," who shook the chandeliers and the shook-up guests danced on and on until four.

NOTEBOOK



5

1. H.R.H. Princess Edward de Lobkowicz and H.S.H. Prince Edward de Lobkowicz greeting Mme. Michel David-Weill. 2. H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor, the Duchess of Windsor and Baron Hubert von Pantz. 3. H.R.H. Princesse Charles-Hugues de Bourbon-Parme and Countess Pierre Cheremetieff. 4. H.R.H. Principe Giovanni di Borbone delle Due Sicilie and Vicomtesse Paul de Rosière. 5. Comtesse Jean de Rohan-Chabot and H.R.H. Princesse Rodolphe de Cröy. 6. Count Peter Salm and Comtesse Wiltrude von Fürstenberg. 7. H.R.H. Princess Albrecht de Liechtenstein, Mme. Jean Bouboulis. 8. H.R.H. Princess Aliette de Rohan, Comte Gilbert de Cahen d'Anvers. 9. Mme. Renate von Holzshuher, Dr. Arnim von Kettner.



6



7



8



9

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Charlie Bubbles, "*astute, touching, funny*"

The film opens in an expensive London restaurant. Charlie Bubbles, a successful writer, is sunk in gloom while his legal and financial advisors, relishing their fancy meal, discourse interminably about his royalties and residuals, and how to solve his tax problems. He sees a friend at a neighbouring table, goes to talk with him, insults him. The friend gravely throws a plate of food in his face. Charlie Bubbles as gravely pours a carafe of wine over his friend's head. The exchange of favours continues while the other guests pretend not to notice. Finally Bubbles and friend leave and get uproariously drunk.

Eventually they return to Charlie's house—a richly furnished mansion dominated by a closed-circuit television installation which enables Charlie to see what is going on in every room. The servants are sullen. Charlie's American secretary is excited and affectionate. The phone rings: It is his divorced wife whom he has left behind in the north of England when he came south to London and success. Why, she asks, has he not come, as he had promised, to see his son? He sets forth into the night with his secretary on the long drive north.

This is the beginning of *Charlie Bubbles*, a brilliant film written by Shelagh Delaney, who wrote *A Taste of Honey*, and expertly directed by Albert Finney, who appears never to have directed anything before. Finney also plays Charlie Bubbles. But the film, though brilliant, is also derivative. It is, in fact, an example of Fellini, or perhaps sub-Fellini. Its basic themes are Fellini's basic themes—disgust and nostalgia. It is a British restatement of *8½*.

Finney, in the Mastroianni rôle, is the man for whom success has come to mean fatigue, futility, and despair. "Only connect!" Forster wrote in *Howards End*. ". . . Live in fragments no longer." Charlie Bubbles has lost all power of connection. In London he is an object. Back in his native town, he is a stranger. In a delicate scene, a waiter in the hotel speaks to him of his father. He passively lets his secretary make love to him. He sees his wife, takes his son to a soccer match, is rejected by him. He throws up. *8½* began with the hero, caught in a hopeless traffic jam, breaking through the roof of his car and soaring free into space; *Charlie Bubbles* ends with the hero, caught in a hopeless jam, boarding a great yellow balloon and soaring free into space.

If *Charlie Bubbles* imitates *8½*, it does so exceedingly well. It is filled with ingenious and felicitous invention—the closed-circuit television, for example. As a director, Finney has a happy instinct for human types, for pace, and for silence. Miss Delaney's screenplay is laconic and evocative. The photography, especially of the northern industrial landscape, is superb.

Finney is less successful in this film as actor than as director. He projects the intolerability of his life through weariness and passivity, instead of conveying this sense actively and powerfully, as Mastroianni did. Liza Minnelli makes the girl gauche and enthusiastic; Colin Blakely does an effective Brendan Behan sketch as the drunken friend. All the small parts are well done and, as in a Fellini film, command attention on their own without unbalancing the broader panorama. For those who can bear to see one more drama about the frustrations of affluence, this astute, touching, funny film is warmly recommended.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Pop Music

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

"*Bob Dylan, the recluse of rock*"

Recently, folk music's rank and file gathered at Carnegie Hall to pay tribute to their paterfamilias, Woody Guthrie. Old folkies moved among the hawkers of hot pamphlets and pretzels. There was nostalgia in the air among the folk singers and the audience for Guthrie who had died a few months earlier. Not since the electronic rock explosion cut into the ranks of acoustic folk singers and eroded their following, had so much attention been focused on an unamplified folk music concert. [Editor's note: The instruments in Dylan's group were amplified.] Tickets seemed to disappear almost before they were issued. A capacity audience sat in attention as the ultimate cast filed onstage: Judy Collins, Richie Havens, Pete Seeger, Odetta, Arlo Guthrie, Tom Paxton, Jack Elliot, and finally, utterly, positively—Bob Dylan.

The Woody Guthrie benefit was Dylan's first public appearance in nearly two years. A motorcycle accident was one reason for his long seclusion. But the pop cognoscenti suspected deeper inner motives. Nothing so perpetuates a legend as the disappearance of its subject, and Dylan had become the recluse of rock. The mystery around him deepened every time a reporter returned from the vicinity of his Woodstock, New York, house bearing souvenir rumours. Dylan was married, separated, reconciled—all within a week. He had lost or found his voice, depending on your source. He was seen disguised as a mystery tramp on Sunset Strip or playing a lonely harmonica on an East Village rooftop in New York. He rode across the skies on a silver bike, like a new constellation. He was dead, or deranged, or he had never existed at all.

His legend was the sum of our expectations; he had treated it like a modest garden, watering its roots occasionally and watching it grow. Now, his self-inflicted silence was about to end. A new album, *John Wesley Harding* (Columbia), had been released and, though the audience at Carnegie Hall felt a genuine respect for Woody Guthrie, most of them had come to see the 1968 Dylan.

He ambled onstage, refusing to look up. They cheered—half-curious, half-proud—as he sat with his head lowered, picking quietly on his guitar. His hair was shorter, his cheeks more hollow than before. With his scraggly beard and moustache, he bore an uncanny resemblance to Che Guevara's corpse. As everyone secretly glanced at the program to find Dylan's solo, he grinned suddenly, then lowered his head again.

When his turn came, a deep hush fell over the hall. You could hear a guitar pick drop. The massive shadow of Albert Grossman —his manager—fell over most of stage left. Finally, Dylan signaled his sidemen, looked straight ahead, and lit into "The Grand Coulee Dam" with a twang that was not folk or rock or country blues.

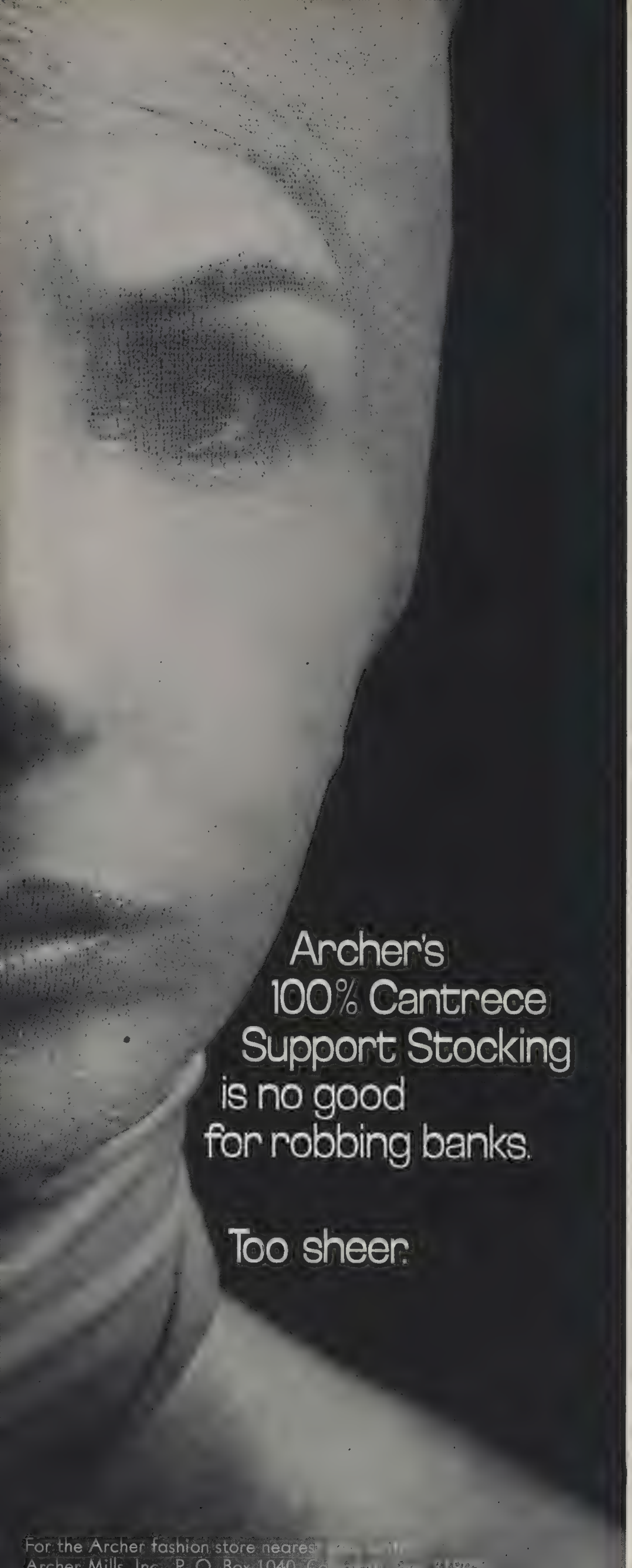
Dylan paid tribute to Woody Guthrie by making his songs musically relevant. With stomping rhythms and shrieking harmonies, he infused "Grand Coulee" with electric breath. It was a moving homage and nobody stopped to wonder whether it was real folk music. Like Woody, Dylan solders the bits and pieces of his time into musical sculpture. It was not quite accurate to label the standing ovation he received at the end of this concert as folk music's welcome back to an errant prince.

Bob Dylan never abdicated.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY ANTHONY WEST

I Never Sang for My Father, "*dogged*"

Robert Anderson's dogged attempt to get the whole truth and nothing but the truth of the common experience of filial guilt into the framework of a play succeeds, but at a price. Trying to make a go of relationships that one has outgrown is harrowing, exhausting, and in the last analysis boring, and the boredom of being around with people to whom one has nothing to say hangs heavily over this grim slice of outer suburban life. Not only that, but in the present instance the persons who have so little to say to each other and who say so much to conceal the fact are mediocrities who mean to live until they die as good grey members of the numberless flock. While there is nothing wrong with being ordinary, and while the humble virtues of patience, tolerance, and good humour are real enough, there is very little theatrical or dramatic in the essentially novelistic business of their dissection.

Robert Anderson's play will be liked by those who have an appetite for other people's home movies, but it won't do much for those who go to the theatre for the dramatic shock of insight and discovery. Alan Webb, as the self-enclosed and frightened father, and Hal Holbrook, as his self-pitying and self-defeating son, do astonishingly well with their leaden lines, but the rest of the company is overwhelmed by their weight and that of Jo Mielziner's oppressively ugly set—the dullest thing yet in a season notable for dingy colours and visual monotony.

Joe Egg, "*brilliant performances*"

The extraordinarily brilliant performances of Albert Finney and Zena Walker as the father and mother of a totally disabled spastic child in this piece, strangely described as a comedy, by Peter Nichols, cloud one's judgment of its merits. While the spastic child may be only a gimmick to get at the public of voyeurs moviemakers have been having such a good time with lately, there is a remote possibility that this bizarre play may be trying to say something about the hypocrisy of most human claims to sensibility and feeling for others that could be worth saying. Albert Finney and Zena Walker persuade one, for long stretches of time, that the thing is genuine, but it is hard to watch that able child mime Susan Alpern impersonating a speechless spastic in the throes of a fit, without feeling certain doubts about what's going on. It looks like the exploitation of deformity to titillate a jaded audience, and it may well be just that. One sees the father of the child attempting and failing to kill it in a last desperate attempt to save his marriage, and then sees him running out on his intolerable situation, and that is all. It is one thing to face the cruelty of life and the capacity for even the pleasantest people to be callous in pursuit of their happiness, but it is another matter altogether to go into business as a purveyor of kinky thrills to those who find their fun in the suffering of others.

The Price, "*already dated*"

Pat Hingle gives the performance of his career in Arthur Miller's new but already dated play about a sad-sack cop who can't forgive life for leaving him walking a beat while his brother has been making a career as a surgeon. The cop, it turns out, was a born quitter, his grievances are all unreal, and there you are.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

Les Belles Images, "*too silly to be true*"

The heroine of Simone de Beauvoir's new novel, *Les Belles Images* (Putnam), is in the advertising game, and the creator is so much under the influence of her creature that the whole book reads like copy produced in a Madison Avenue advertising company by an apprentice who has a long, long way to go. Patrick O'Brian, the translator, may be partly to blame; but one fears that Mlle. de Beauvoir and no one else is responsible for the banality of situation, the inertia of language, the bromidic observations of a stereotyped dramatis personae, and the girlish musings on Broad General Concepts. Laurence—for that is the name of the leading lady—has a sleek, slick mother who wears Balenciaga suits, eats at Maxim's and La Tour d'Argent, "crosses the Atlantic to sunbathe," and lives with a lover who will, not surprisingly, leave her. Laurence's father is thoughtful and scholarly and does his travelling in Greece and Italy. In good, streamlined modern style, Laurence has a lover (up-and-coming adman) and husband (successful architect) and two daughters. In her apartment, there is a room divided into "the study area" and "the drawing-room area." She covets a suède jacket that is of "a colour without a name—the colour of mist, of time, of fairy tales." Now, honestly, what would that look like?

Laurence has, apparently, everything a young woman could wish for. But she has a problem; she has begun to doubt the validity of materialism! ". . . what was one to do? Try to revive wisdom and the love of beauty in oneself and in those around one. Only a moral revolution—not a social or a political or a technical revolution—only a moral revolution would lead man back to his lost truth." What has opened her eyes to "the absurdity and chaos" of the world around her is the state of mind of her ten-year-old daughter, Catherine, who cries at night for the poor and the sick and the unhappy. Catherine has embarked upon her first friendship and her friend, Brigitte, is poor; the kid has no mother, there is a safety pin in the hem of her dress, and she eats meals at any old time. What is the meaning of life? Catherine wants to know.

Laurence is too frail a reed for the burden of this urgent question. She has already had one nervous breakdown; and, to stave off another, she takes a trip to Greece with her father, having handed Catherine over to a psychologist. Laurence, in Greece, thinks deep thoughts. When she goes back to Paris, although she is sick with emotion and can not keep a blessed thing on her stomach, she has come to the firm conclusion that Catherine is not to be spared the pain of the world, that she is not to be wrapped in the psychologist's cotton wool, that she is to be allowed to go on seeing worldly and none too clean Brigitte.

The first and third persons and past and present tenses are used interchangeably: "She folded up the paper; but still she was rather comforted, for there was no telling what you might find in it. It's all very well for me to armour myself; I'm not as resistant as they are." And, "He was talking, he was laughing and the people around him were laughing; as soon as he chooses to take the trouble, people like him." This is one of those books that cause men to use the denomination "woman writer" as an acidulous pejorative. It is quite literally too silly to be true.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

THE Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

"*Unorthodox playwrights in church*"

What is the church but a place where the spiritual and the mystical find voice and release by way of a staged ritual enacted for thousands of years?

Today, a number of church officials and dignitaries have given sanction and entry to quite a different kind of theatre within spiritual walls. They have permitted the presentation of plays by unorthodox young playwrights whose own voices are, for the most part, in total contradiction to the precepts and doctrines of the churches where the plays are staged. This is a phenomenon of New Bohemia, and these presentations have now become a staple of the Off-Off-Broadway scene in New York. What is remarkable is that these plays contribute not only to the growing strength of what is becoming one of America's most liberated theatrical movements but to the churches, eager these days to enlist the partisanship of the creative young. What is even more remarkable is that these productions always play to full houses.

In New York, the Baptist Judson Memorial Church and the Episcopal St. Mark's Church In-the-Bowery have for several years been encouraging theatrical events of uncommon daring and vitality. They have given young playwrights the opportunity to speak freely and with abandon on subjects ranging from murder, incest, homosexuality, and fornication to politics and racial and anti-clerical issues.

It must be added that the Judson Poets' Theater and Theater Genesis at St. Mark's are only two in a growing list of church-theatres in all parts of the country. The works of their playwrights are often seen in Off-Off-Broadway café-theatres and lofts, or in established Off-Broadway theatres. Rosalyn Drexler's outrageous *Home Movies* was first done at the Judson Theater, so was Ronald Tavel's *Gorilla Queen* and Gertrude Stein's *In Circles*.

Lanford Wilson, whose *The Rimers of Eldritch* received the Vernon Rice Award last year, opened his *Untitled Play* at the Judson Theater last month. An acerbic, sex-drenched excursion in idealism and disillusion, it was an environmental play of considerable power.

Sam Shepard's *Forensic and the Navigators*, a surreal study, among other matters, of cowboys and Indians, staged last January at Theater Genesis, offered anything but a parochial point of view. The play was committed to the breaking of all kinds of theatrical barriers and included artificially produced fumes and fogs which enveloped the entire theatre, making invisible the actors and audience.

The force behind the Judson Theater's presentations is the Reverend Al Carmines, associate minister and director of the arts program at Judson Memorial Church. Along with his pastoral duties, Mr. Carmines takes an actively creative part in the Judson's productions for most of which he has composed the music. His talent for saucy, infectious tunes has, through the years, flowered into a provocative musical-comedy approach. At St. Mark's In-the-Bowery, the Reverend J. C. Michael Allen runs the creative projects. "We are concerned with helping kids find commitment through the arts," he said. What may seem shocking to some churchgoers is in the minds of some churchmen a matter of desirability if not major importance.

Beneath an air of independence: little girl sleepers

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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Palm Beach: status patch screen-printed right onto the seat of the ass-green "Pulitzer Jeans" ***Tony Long,*** right, is wearing. stant hit around Palm Beach, jeans are just one part of the well-cut, colour-filled collection of "Men's Stuff" ***Lilly Pulitzer*** has come up with to brighten winter in Florida, summer everywhere else. Included: trunks, $20; jeans and shirts, $30; jackets, $75. Lord & Taylor, New York; Lilly shops.



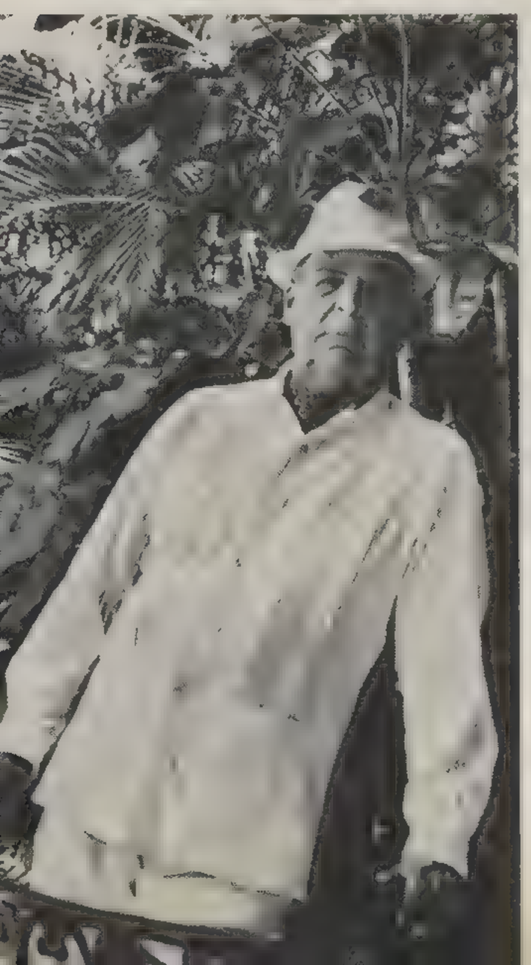




John McLean and ***Leverett Shaw,*** above, like the jacket-like shirt inspired by the Cuban guayabera, in pale cool batiste. ***General William Young,*** below, wears the white tucked cotton version many men are wearing in lieu of dinner jackets with black tie. The shirt is $30.







Good strong colour, clean lines make the point of "Men's Stuff." It's seen in the swimsuits ***Peter Schrader*** and ***Stewart Iglehart, Jr.,*** wear surfing with ***Paula Ward*** at Delray Beach, centre left. ***Donald Leas,*** left, wears a cotton duck jacket hand-screened with a bright Lilly print in sea green, blues, pinks and coral. (Jackets available in May.) ***Marshall Heminway*** and his son, ***Anthony,*** right, each wears his own version of the "Men's Stuff" look. For Marshall: pale-blue and white stripe guayabera; blue, black, and white printed duck trousers. For Anthony: lime and white polka-dot guayabera, white ducks, tassel loafers.

STRONGWATER



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MARCH 15, 1968

Vogue's eye view

Two girls in Paris: the Twig and...

UNGARO MASK by Gustin

AVEDON



the Tree...

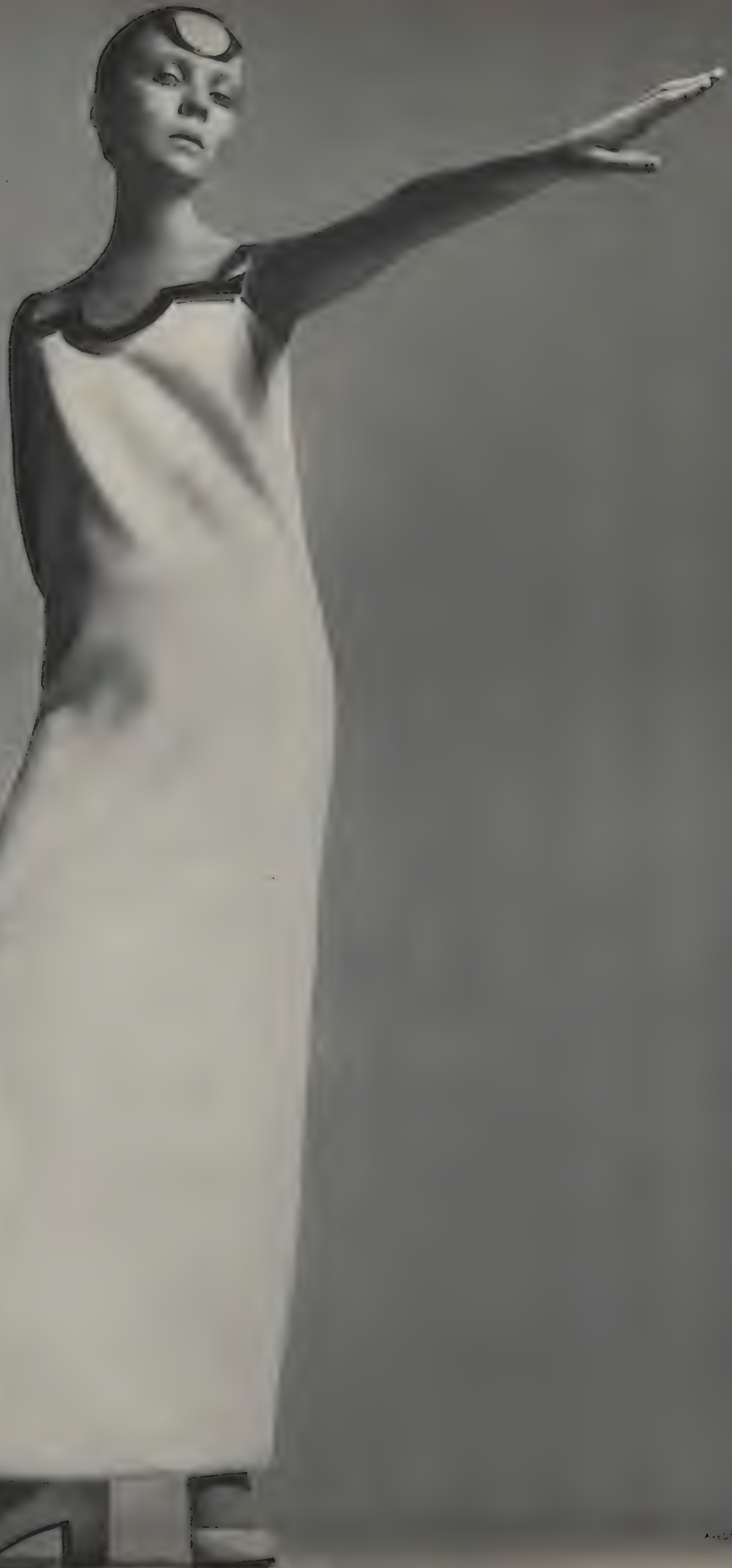
UNGARO:
an impression of pleasure—love, health, youth, experiment—and intoxicating from start to finish.
From masks to mink weskit to ribboned organdie pyjamas

A natural: Twiggy and Penelope Tree, two pretty chickadees with a joyous appetite for fashion, just longing to act out the dreams of the great designers. So, packed them off to Paris we did—simply turned them loose to amuse themselves in the most amusing clothes we saw there. They played it by ear and played it to the hilt; even through masks you see it—all the excitement, gaiety, and seductiveness that comes naturally to Paris...naturally to the Twig and the Tree. Butterfly in mink and organdie, opposite: a shaped rounds-of-white-mink weskit beaded with red ribbon over divine pyjamas—tunic and pants of open-work white organdie with Saint Gall embroidery and intervals of ribbon beading. I. Magnin. The masks—the brass-and-copper one shown on Twiggy a page ago; the silver butterfly and silver African mask here on Penelope—Ungaro fantasies sculptured by Gustin.
Ungaro masks, Ungaro speaks: "When you see people for the first time you tend to label them without knowing what they really are. These masks represent the 'inner face' of a person—once you know her, know what is going on in her mind. It's the whole problem of human communication—the masks force people to understand that one must learn really to look; they incite the search for what is beyond the first impression."

Paris

paris

CARDIN: polished steel sculpture harnessing the Tree... to columnar wool crêpe



The dress held by metal sculpture—one of the most spectacular evening ideas in Paris fashion row. White wool crêpe, right, hangs from wide-set polished steel straps on a sculptured band—pure, unadorned, absolute in its sensuousness as it simply lies against the bosom and falls straight to the slipper-tops. In crêpe by Fournier. Cardin shoes.

Black wool crêpe harnessed by metal sculpture, far right. Cardin on it's metal again—a headright sculpture of polished steel flashed by a diamond bib lies against the bosom on a long columnar black fall. Borg crêpe. Mannequin sculptures, after designs by Cardin whose Singular perfume carves across pure and clean—for the first time in America.

AVEDON






paris
GRÈS: enormous
bias-cut linen
beach cape...
enveloping
the Twig,
revealing
the Twig
The most voluminous wrap-up flinging open like a shock, to reveal the whole body outline—and, by that single romantic gesture, the flair of the woman who wears it; this great bias navy cape, taped white, circles out to three-quarter length over a new pencil skirt skimming the body as fluidly as lotion. Moreau linen; Racine jersey. A Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Grès ankle bracelet. And Grès Cabochard perfume—another gesture revealing the woman who wears it. Coiffure by Ara Gallant with Tovar-Tresses Dynel braids.
AVEDON



paris



COURRÈGES: everything jumps for joy—pleats, scallops, rompers—and Penelope Tree

Pleats fly, opposite centre: the shortest white jumpsuit (worn with the biggest white eyes you ever saw through). Heavy silk crêpe, biased through the torso, with armholes cut in like an overall and strapped, and button-on pleats gadding about each leg. The sheer round-eyed delight: that's the Mask of Courrèges—and the flavour of his collection. Scallops flip, opposite, far left: a high-belted high-spirits knit in red-and-white stripes with a band of red-buttoned white scallops that get bigger and bigger as the hem breaks loose over little white pants with an edge of bias-flared scallops. Posies quiver, left, and scallops swing the hem of a white cotton Empire dress with bareness in back, both high and low, and appliquéd posies—pink, yellow, blue, green—only partly stitched down; the petals flutter at every turn. Sakowitz.

What a romp, right: the round, round-seamed romper in palest blue thin wool with plenty of white to go round—at the collar, the midriff, the leg banding. Not to mention the white Courrèges hair flower, the white gloves, and the softest flat white slippers with round white flaps. Romper, at Sakowitz. All clothes also, at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

AVEDON

Paris

COURRÈGES:
girls like nymphs in a magic forest—lithe golden creatures with strong young bodies, enjoying their freedom—as the Tree does



A marvellous torso, left, marvellously revealed in chalk-white cotton pyjamas. scalloped top linked by scallops to straight pants inlaid with white flowers on sheer white organdie platters.
Circles down the sides, above, circles round the hip—white cotton cut out to let the sun shine in. And Courrèges's new neckline—a wide V front and back.
Free and unfettered as a body can be, right: scalloped pink lineny-cotton jumpsuit with the deepest widest V in Paris—nothing but taut shining skin fills it in and a narrow band holds it just under the bosom. All clothes, both pages: Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

AVEDON



Paris

GRÈS: Romantic, flowing crêpes for evening; uneven hemlines, often deeply slit.... For the beach, an asymmetric fling of tobacco linen

A true romantic, Grès makes clothes that depend always on the woman who wears them—it's up to her to make herself amusing and seductive in things that flow from the shoulders like djellabas, in bias swirls and sweeps with points, slashes, or slits at the uneven hemlines, revealing the long brown legs underneath....



The kite dress, left, pointed front and back, widening as it flows from the open-triangle neckline to the asymmetric hem—deeply slashed at both sides. Heavy silk crêpe by Bianchini, in molten brass colour, I. Magnin. Bias crêpe triangles, above—bright orange, turquoise blue—knotted at the shoulders, falling to an inverted V in front. Silk crêpe. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Tobacco linen skirt, right, that falls in a fan of pleats over one leg, wraps over one shoulder, with a slit for the arm—flung over tiny shorts. Véron linen. I. Magnin. Coiffures: Ara Gallant. Tovar-Tresses Dynel braids.

AVEDON



Paris

DIOR'S organdies on the Tree and the Twig... Theodora robe mantled in mosaic; reckless gypsy colour wheeling to three-quarter length



Organdie Byzantine robe, right—worn by Penelope Tree—splendid as Theodora's, flowing to wide cuffs and wide hem from a far-reaching mosaic mantle jewelled by ruby, amber, and emerald stripes. Lanel embroidery. At I. Magnin. Romany-red organdie, far right: Twiggy with a rush of roses at wrist and hem, a clatter of *gitane* gold—the purple turban sends its streamers flying about the loose, long gypsy sleeves. In Brossin de Méré cotton. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Hanes stockings. On both pages: Dior jewellery and shoes—and the alluring suggestion of Miss Dior perfume. Ara Gallant coiffures; Tovar-Tresses Dynel braids.



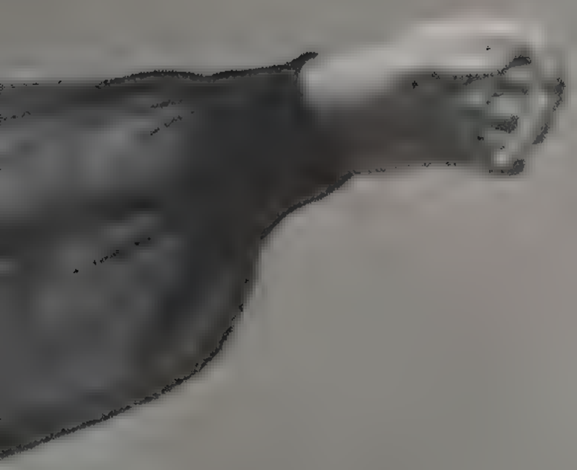
paris

SAINT LAURENT:
transparent chiffon with the short smoking, worn by the Tree... embroidered lace tunic-pyjamas, a splurge of pale flowers, worn by the Twig



Revealing in the prettiest way, right: transparent black chiffon that shows the perfect jeune-fille bosom—small, high, rounded—the shirt for Saint Laurent's new short smoking. Pants cropped above the knee, the jacket—shown closed, below—as beautifully tailored as a riding habit, in lightweight black worsted. Dormeuil fabric. Earrings, tights, by Saint Laurent. Both pages: Roger Vivier shoes, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Blooming tunic-pyjamas, far right, thickly clustered with crunchy little bunches of pink-and-blue flowers embroidered on lace—long-sleeved tunic perfectly proportioned to the long narrow pants, both edged in pink linen.... It's Paris, it's spring, it's absolutely delicious—like a whiff of Saint Laurent's "Y." Brossin de Méré fabric. I. Magnin. Coiffures by Alexandre.

AVEDON





paris

GIVENCHY'S transparent pyjamas... spotted and flowered over the Tree, ruffled over the Twig





Bare-midriff pyjamas, far left, with flared leg pants—Givenchy's cool and seductive way with the new feeling for transparency that's sweeping Paris. Big-cat black spots over tawny transparent organza. The sleeveless little cardigan breezes out in soft poufs from a high round neck. Flared-leg jumpsuit, left, sheer skin-beige nylon mantles a sheer beige jump and Peridot Tree—pelted by thousands of sew-flowers with the diamante dew still on them, white organza tied beneath the bosom. Brown ruffled by-dress, above, transparent nylon drawing out from a tartan-plaid bra and a bias-cut underdress of a tiger Cavandoli-patterned nylon. Accessories are by Andrews.

paris

SAINT LAURENT: his perfect closely-shaped coats for pants . . . long wide revers, back vents to the waist . . . on Penelope Tree



Dress topcoat, left, of dark-grey twill. Deep notched revers, three buttons. With Saint Laurent's new wider-legged cuffed hip-pants, here in navy wool. Coat of Nattier fabric. At I. Magnin. White twill coat, above, just shorter than mid-calf; double-breasted, new wide revers. Navy pants that hang on hips; navy jersey top laced up through brass eyelets. Coat: Forneris worsted. Altman's; I. Magnin. YSL, opposite, on the pocket of a longer navy coat. Brass buttons, deep revers, the monogram in gold braid. Red linen pants. Beige ribbed turtleneck. Coat of Dormeuil fabric. At I. Magnin. Coiffures by Alexandre. AVEDON



Paris

Happy days are here—little dresses, little coats...capes and cape sleeves...and the new pants looks... worn by Twig and Tree

UNGARO, opposite page, turns out the jumpingest little white stretch overalls with fuzzy-edged navy-and-white plaid running up and down the legs, curving in and out on the torso, rounding the edges of a matching A-coat. Worn with a white turtleneck. Nattier Orlon-wool-and-Lycra. I. Magnin.

CARDIN (1): his new slant on daytime hems—this, short on one side, pointed down and pleated on the other....Belted bias-top white twill dress, skirt cut on the straight, all edged in navy braid. Bonwit Teller.

UNGARO (2): his adorable little white wool twill bias dress—a pale-green band opens into a keyhole of bareness, a pale-green wave washes up the front. Coat on the fly—wavy rainbow plaid in yellow-green-and-white Dacron-and-wool. Nattier fabrics. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

VENET (3): the small welted shirtcoat of honey-coloured double-faced Nattier wool—banded sleeves, super pockets. Silvery-buckled over a white-and-honey dress. I. Magnin. Chadbourn Gotham tights. Shoes, Evins for Hermès.

RICCI (4): the cape suit. It goes like this—longish jacket, a good walking skirt, with a mid-thigh cape to wrap it up. Black wool with starched white linen collar and cuffs, a camellia at the throat. Bufano fabric.

SAINT LAURENT (5): the narrowest white linen jacket with a navy belt-in-set, four patch pockets; wider-hemmed navy linen pants, cuffed. I. Magnin.

CARDIN (6): cape sleeves, we love you—swinging wide on a neat little plaid coat biased on top, unbiased below, with a standing band of collar. Nattier red-brown-and-blue worsted. Van Raalte tights. Coiffures by Ara Gallant.





Paris

The dreamy new moods of evening in Paris— transparency and bareness... seductiveness and jeune-fille charm... all worn by Twiggy

SAINT LAURENT, opposite, sparkles the evening with a little white tunic crusted in paillettes and wooden beads, sashed in white satin over sequinned brown above-the-knee shorts. Marescot fabrics. I. Magnin. Alexandre coiffure.

BALMAIN (1): his daisy dress—dozens of daisies embroidered on fresh white organdie with a deep bias flounce at the hem; pale-blue velvet ribbon circles the waist, floats down the back in long streamers. Walton Pierce, Grosse Pointe.

CASTILLO (2): ruffled black Chantilly lace poncho winging transparently over one of the sexiest little dresses in Paris—black crêpe bared almost to the waist at the front and sides.

SCHERRER (3): the seraglio mood—a sleeveless white organdie pull, high-belted, crunchy with tiny silver-pink-and-green beaded flowers; white organdie pants billowing extravagantly, caught at the ankle.

VENET (4): a confection of scalloped tiers in white embroidered organdie. Two tiers of collar and two tiers of skirt bouncing away from a pink satin sash tied just over the bosom. I. Magnin.

CARDIN (5): his marvellous new wide-open cape sleeve and one shoulder bared—an asymmetric crêpe dress, creamy above the teeniest brown skirt with a hip-band inset of bright mossy green. Abraham silk. The tights by Van Raalte.

DIOR (6): a delicious little dress with puffy-ruffly sleeves held in once above the elbow, again at the wrist, with ruffles spilling over the hand. Carved neckline, high flou skirt. In white-dotted navy silk chiffon piped and tied in white satin. At I. Magnin. Mary Grey stockings. Coiffures this page by Ara Gallant; Tovar-Tresses Dynel braids.





Paris



SAINT LAURENT: long cape, side-wrapped skirt, flung around a bare midriff

CASTILLO: toga in folded points over a narrow dress slit high above the knee... both, on Penelope Tree

Black linen over bareness, left—Saint Laurent's long cape and skirt wrapped high at the thigh; a brief tight top. Under the stretch of midriff, a gypsy sash of cerise silk—the most delicious colour this spring. His flamenco earrings and combs. Moreau linen. At I. Magnin. Alexandre coiffure. Falling in points, right, Castillo's bias toga that folds over a superbly classic dress—narrow, slit high at the left side. Of brilliant yellow crêpe. Lajoinie fabric. Lina Baretti earrings. Phoenix glitter tights. On both pages: Roger Vivier shoes, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. The coiffures by Ara Gallant. Tovar-Tresses Dynel braids.

AVEDON



Paris

BALENCIAGA news... shirttail-slit shorts under a polo shirt, grosgrain-banded shorts below a bare midriff

High-goal shirt and shorts, left, in navy cotton-jersey ratine—the shirt could have come straight off the playing fields at Windsor; the shorts, a Balenciaga cut or two above tradition, are slit like shirttails on each side. Balenciaga white snap brim hat with navy grosgrain ribbon, and linen beach bag. Bared midriff, bared back, right: top and shorts of yellow-and-white cotton plissé inch-stripes gathered on navy grosgrain bands above and below the midriff. Navy cotton hat with stitched brim, by Balenciaga.

HELMUT NEWTON

paris

BALENCIAGA: the range of evening—smother of ruffles down bare backs... bias-curve jacket and camisole dress in nun's veiling

Box-pleated white organdie, above left, undulates down the bare length of the back and around the hem of a long-sleeved navy gazar evening dress—barely touching the body and flaring gradually to the floor. In America at Lord & Taylor. Chartreuse organza petals, left, float out from a bared oval back and elbow-long sleeves giving off a romantic Goya light above gathered layers of organza—a long double-skirted evening dress over narrow pants. Bias cap-sleeve jacket and camisole dress, right: black nun's veiling cut with Balenciaga's unsurpassed restraint—the jacket's bias width curves into snug cap sleeves, buttons in back to the waist; the patch-pocket dress buttons in front from waist to short hem. Worn with Balenciaga's nun's coif in starched white cotton.



HELMUT NEWTON



Paris

CHANEL at her best...
marvellous little
narrow coats,
some with tiny
Mao collars,
in glorious
Tibetan tweeds,
gleaming brocades

Couture at its most satisfying...the understanding of luxury is complete....Delectable coats with a mild Mao influence—cut closer, narrower, sleeves higher, smaller, and longer, with armholes tinier than ever; high little collars...delicious Himalayan-looking tweeds and marvellous Kublai Khan brocades—one feels like a high priestess in Tibet.... Everything shown with a plunder of Chanel jewels.

Narrow coat, dress with braces, left, above—raised honeycomb tweed in a pinky-mauve, yellow, and navy plaid: a 7/8 coat, narrow and sweatery, over a pinafore dress—tweed skirt, mauve silk shantung top, and little tweed braces.

For a Tartar princess, left: a marvellous little narrow coat and dress of brocaded lamé in pale green, pale mauve, and gold, all edges and seams bound in gold braid and thick gold lamé cording...the coat 7/8 length, with the tiniest stand-up collar. Matching dress with a fabulous jewelled belt.

7/8 cardigan coat, right—collarless, slender, unlined, like a narrow-sleeved sweater in plaided tweed, beige, taupe, brown, and cream....Matching tweed skirt, overblouse of cream-and-brown printed silk. Worn with a natural straw boater, double-strapped shoulder bag of brown calf and tweed....In the background: Marion Pike's huge oil paintings of Mlle. Chanel, that hang in her salon. And—naturally—the ambiance of Chanel No. 5. The coiffures by Alexandre.

DAVID BAILEY



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

The rattle of analyses at the tail of the New Hampshire primary elections. . . . The troubled wit of Senator Eugene McCarthy, who has said, "We don't declare war any more; we declare national defense." . . . A Broadway comedy like a popover with a hole in it, *Avanti!*, by Samuel Taylor who has at least provided a reason for two desperately inventive British actors, Keith Baxter and Jennifer Hilary, to knock themselves out keeping hot air hot. . . . A maniacally funny singer, Dorothy Loudon, turning up on other people's television shows and sometimes giving the impression that if it weren't for her these shows would fall oafishly apart.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The loony book *Mot d'Heures: Gousses, Rames* by Luis d'Antin Van Rooten who, forcing French words into the phonics of Mother Goose rhymes, has made Hickory Dickory Dock come out as "Et qui rit des curés d'Oc," and pushed literary puns to the cracking point. . . . The intense, intimate dancing of Yuriko who snaps her long black hair, curls her neat body, and shakes her soul out in a series of performances this month at the YMHA in New York. . . . In England, the exhibition "France in the Eighteenth Century" at the Royal Academy where over a thousand paintings, drawings, pieces of furniture, and objects (including an extraordinary collection of snuffboxes loaned by the Charles B. Wrightsmans of New York) have been assembled to give, especially through the superb collection of drawings, a detailed, convincing view of a "rosebud culture."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The gutsy, stinging songs of the Belgian composer Jacques Brel now recorded in the album *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris* as they were performed Off-Broadway by four young Americans, notably Mort Shuman, a shaggy gingerman with Dundreary whiskers. . . . The hard-core, but not publicized, concern of the Underground to separate "casual" drugs (marijuana and hashish, for examples) from "serious" ones (LSD, heroin, among others). . . . The deliciously tactless book *The Double Helix* by James D. Watson who, largely with Francis Crick, discovered the structure of DNA, the fundamental genetic material, and who filled his book with irreverent, lopsided character sketches so that it reads almost as much like a schoolboy adventure story as the fascinating pursuit of "the most golden of all molecules."

CAROL WHITE, YOUNG, NEW, BUT IN CONTROL

What is sexy about Carol White, *right*, off the screen, apart from her slightly battered good looks and the matte, subdued, warm glow of her skin, is her easy control of any situation. She seems to surround herself with self-confidence as other women surround themselves with an expensive scent. She remains relaxed at the centre of this magnetic aura, always completely herself. She listens to questions, reacts quickly and spontaneously, and makes do almost altogether without the normal show-biz clichés and small talk. She is receptive to ideas; grins a lot with her eyes; talks with a light south London accent; has beautiful teeth; says she is happy with her work, her friends, and her family, and is really a very nice girl to go out with. In front of the cameras she is conscious of her self-confidence to the extent that she feels what she calls a protective wall around her the moment the lights go on. She is not overconfident: There is one scene in her latest film, *Poor Cow*, that neither she nor the director, Kenneth Loach, thought she'd get through. In this movie she plays a London slut whose husband and lover are both away in prison. At one point she gets a job as a model for a seedy club of amateur photographers, and has to strip to her pants in front of the cameras. "I'd never dare do it off the screen. When I'm walking round a swimming pool even, I crouch down with my shoulders all hunched up. But then (Continued on page 137)

DAVID BAILEY





MRS. JOHN F. KENNEDY, left, wore this superb jewelled belt to the Opera one evening—and put in full gear the fashion for belts of real beauty and splendour. A gift from King Hassan II of Morocco, Mrs. Kennedy's belt—for which Valentino especially made the sea-green crêpe dress shown here—is a classic design of mobile filigree-gold links emblazoned with rubies, diamonds, pearls, and typical of those worn over caftans by women of the royal family. As they have been for centuries, these intricately carved marvels of precious-stone and metal-work are entirely hand-wrought, and take six months to a year to complete.

Belts of kings and of commoners; belts of the church and belts of the military; belts of nymphs and of goddesses—as long as there have been clothes, there have been belts to gird them. And artists to make belts glorious. . . . The girdle of Calypso adorned with gold; Hera's with its fringe of gold-wire tassels. The three belts of Tutankhamen: two of chased gold—one hung with the richly embellished apron of royalty, one with a dagger tucked up inside—the third a chain of gold faïence beads. The jewelled belt of Charlemagne, clasped at the waist, with his sword of state suspended from one side. The "belted earl," the hip-circling belt that from the time of the Conquest marked the investiture of British nobility—a magnificent thing of gold plaques, sometimes carved with roses, or inlaid with enamel or precious stones. The stark beauty of the heavy cord worn by the Franciscan monks, its three knots signifying the vows of poverty, chastity, obedience. . . . Symbol of piety, symbol of rank, or simply the most luxurious of accessories, the belt goes on—plain or sumptuous, and more desirable today than ever.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN BELTS

N. Y. DAILY NEWS

A collector of ostrich eggs, obelisks, and marvellous old belts, MME. XAVIER GIVAUDAN—*at left* in her house on the Square de l'Avenue Foch—pulls together a throat-banded white silk Edwardian shirt and black pants with a gold passementerie belt mounted with a scarab-encrusted buckle of apple-green enamel. . . . If belts could sing, it would be to praise tiny, small-waisted figures like PRINCIPESSA NANCY RUSPOLI'S, *above*, who anchors one of gold, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds with a clip of matching jewels and lets it all lie easily on her beaded red jibba. . . . MR. JOHN MOORE, *below*, a young law student who lives at Thornhill, the Dorset house where the interiors of *Far From the Madding Crowd* were shot—found his 18th-century Swedish belt at S. J. Phillips in London. Made of leather-backed plaques of carved silver, it's worn here with a pleated citrus-yellow silk shirt.



THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN BELTS

These, *left*, are the classic, magnificently-belted robes that MME. BENHIMA, wife of the Moroccan ambassador to the U. N., often wears here for evening: caftan and foukia—the loose slit coat that traditionally goes over the caftan—of gossamer white silk embroidered in gold and silver with gold and silver buttons and borders, all done by hand in Fez. So is the belt that holds the waist tightly, allowing the wearer to place the fullness of cloth wherever it's most alluring. Mme. Benhima pulls it all to the back, where it floats out like iridescent butterfly wings under the most divine belt imaginable—a centuries-old design made in wide jointed sections of fretworked 18-karat gold stabbed with rubies, emeralds, diamonds, sapphires. With this, she wears emeralds at her ears and a jewelled gold filigree necklace from Van Cleef & Arpels. . . . DUCA BADOGLIO, *above*, a Roman admirer of Moroccan belts—wears his filigree-buckled gold one on a white silk Cossack shirt. . . . COMTESSE DE BENDERN, *right*, in her Paris flat, has travelled widely in the East and come away with prizes like this 17th-century Chinese belt—two metres of huge, carved ambers, which she mixes with gold chain and ties over Castillo's poppy crêpe pyjamas. . . . *Above right*, PRINCE DOAN NA CHAMPACAK, the Laotian husband of Barbara Hutton, in his national uniform: Crested gold buttons fasten the shot-silk jacket, over which go a Laotian decoration at the neck, jewelled gold chains with a crescent, and a brocade belt held by a spectacular Cartier buckle —a diamond, ruby, and emerald *Naga*, the serpent-head symbol of Vishnu. . . . Sarah Bernhardt once owned it; now it belongs to MRS. EUGENE PAUL GETTY, JR., *below right*—the diamond butterfly buckle that clinches her black velvet belt over a white crêpe de chine shirt, black velvet knickers.





THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN BELTS

PRINCIPESSA MARIA ZENAIDE ODESCALCHI, shown at home, *far left,* in the Palazzetto Spada in Rome, is one of those lapis-eyed sun-streaked blondes who bring out the best in black—like this long black satin from Tiziani, which she ropes with two jewelled belts. One is gold with chunks of coral, the other turquoise and gold, and a matching chatelaine dangles from each. . . . In her Paris flat on the Place Vendôme, **PRINCESS IRA FÜRSTENBERG,** *below left,* takes a breather between movie commitments to enjoy her newest treasures: An adorable little street-boy wig from Carita. And her Van Cleef & Arpels belt: three rosettes—a real whopper in the centre—of diamonds, coral, and turquoise held with round gold links. Naturally, she had to have just the right dress for it, so in she walked to Princess Pignatelli's—and out she came with this long brown knit slit to above the knee. . . . Like a modern Goya, **THE DUQUESA DE CADAVAL,** *left* —wife of the first duke of Portugal after the Royal Family—pulls her ash-blond ribbon of hair over one shoulder and lightly ties Van Rouge's flat, coral-hung ribbon-of-pearls belt high on the waist of a perfectly simple white dress from Valentino. . . . Mufti for one of Rome's most dashing horsemen, **DON MARCO ALFONSO TORLONIA,** *above:* black silk turtleneck, black velvet trousers, and a marvellous mediaeval-looking belt by Lembo—gold, with big smooth hunks of rose quartz in filigree nests. . . . **MISS RORY DAVIS** of London, *right,* has enormous eyes, long legs, and the wit to whip together an everyday pullover and pants with the most luxurious Moroccan belt—gold braid and leaf-green velvet, with an amber and gold chain and studs of Persian turquoise and gold.



Precious stones blazing away on a smooth bronzed midriff—most alluring new way you can wear a jewelled belt. The midriff here is the pride of the beautiful young Austrian actress, Marisa Mell. And the belts are the sensational work of David Webb.... *Right,* links of emeralds and carved coral in 18-karat gold. *Opposite,* arabesques of 18-karat gold holding emeralds, rubies, a dusting of diamonds. Martin Downey coiffure.

MARISA MELL— AND THE FASHION FOR JEWELLED BELTS



BERT STERN





ITALY

Fashion Collections Report, Spring 1968

Valentino's white—the talk of Europe. The cleanliness and distinction of his crisp whites, his lacy whites, his soft and creamy whites, all shown together white on white. And all, triumphs for the thirty-five-year-old designer who, pouring out all this beauty, romance, and perfection, has become the idol of the young, a new symbol of modern luxury. . . . A white organza dress, above, two-piece, embroidered in flowers, with curly plissé frills floating on the sleeves. Forneris fabric. Sutrini jewellery. Valentino white lace stockings. Dress at Martha; Marshall Field. Long white evening suits, opposite—centre, a silk suit with a high-necked ruffled silk blouse, a waistcoat embroidered in silver. Taroni fabric. Martha; I. Magnin. Far right, an evening suit of heavy white cotton. Silk damask blouse, embroidered waistcoat, Lavallière tie. Suit of Forneris fabric. At Martha; Marshall Field; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. The man's evening suit, white panama with embroidered waistcoat. Silk choir-boy shirt with lace ruffles. Suit of Forneris fabric. Martha. Women's shoes by Dal Cò for Valentino. Man's shoes with big buckles by Rossetti for Valentino. Coiffures, on all Italian pages, by Alba & Francesca. All the backgrounds: the Roman apartment of the contemporary artist, Cy Twombly.

HENRY CLARKE



ITALY

Collections Report

White, rediscovered as a colour, triumphs all over. White wool, white raw silk, white linen, white organdie, white marocain, white georgette, all treated with superb embroidery and passementerie. Ruffled white frills electrifying. Écru, beige, cream, chalk, sand, with an occasional ray of pale blue, navy, tobacco, and brown—these are the main colours, and for the first time in years violent, vibrant shades are eclipsed. . . . Isadora Duncan scarfs trailing to the floor, worn day and night. Belts quite loose, low-slung, never tight. Wood, diamond, and gold belts. Pencil-like simple white day dresses with gold side buttons. A binge of side-closed tunics. Sharp poetic tailoring. The shortest soft wool knickers for day. Jewelled belts on wool coats. V-necked long belted pullovers over short flared skirts. . . . The pageboy did a tremendous comeback, in various lengths, full but soft, with hair always pushed back leaving the face clear. Gold dust sprinkled on arms and face for Roman glow. Enamelled jewels matching dresses. Slightly higher heels on shoes with wooden and gold initials. Heavy jewelled belts on crêpe evening dresses. Musketeer straw hats with long ostrich plumes. . . . Great news: the importance Italian designers are giving to men. Men right out of Ingres and Gainsborough with lace collars, ruffled cuffs, starched linens, passementerie, Lavallière ties, jewelled chains, narrow pants slightly évasés at the bottom.

Valentino's white Cardigan coat, this page: white wool with wood-and-gilt buttons, flapped pockets. White crêpe Isadora Duncan scarf, six-feet long. White gabardine pants. Coat: Agnona fabric. At Martha; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Wood and gilt on white, opposite: a belt of wood and gold links; wood buttons, and a wood-brown grosgrain bow on a white wool coat with four pockets. Nattier fabric. Contessa Collection at Lord & Taylor. Both pages: shoes by Dal Cò for Valentino.

HENRY CLARKE





ITALY

White organza blouses; long embroidered skirt, little silverleaf pants

The crisp white of Valentino, opposite—a pure little organza blouse, high neck, full sleeves with five-button cuffs. Ankle-length skirt of white St. Gall embroidery, banded hem. Black velvet belt. Skirt of Fisba fabric. Contessa Collection at Lord & Taylor. Also, Marshall Field. Shoes: Dal Cò for Valentino. Leaves and layers from Mila Schön, left—the leaves of silvery threads covering, with a twinkle, short pants. The blouse, three layers of white organza, in step-back edges at the deep pointed collar and flared sleeves. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Shoes: Varese for Mila Schön. On both pages: Bulgari jewellery.

HENRY CLARKE

ITALY

Coats—the shirt-collared swing: inlays of blue on blue

White tent-coat from Fabiani, this page, swinging out from a narrow shoulder yoke. Pointed shirt collar, high and wide; double-breasted. Nattier wool gabardine. At Lord & Taylor. Stockings by Fama. Barrilà shoes. Intarsia anemones from Mila Schön, opposite, big, stylized, set into a double-faced wool coat of pale blue, the flowers deeper blue. Nattier fabric. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Blue straw hat by Mila Schön.







The perfection of the Spanish couture is absolutely tops. The designers really know their business and it shows in every stitch, every curve and corner. . . . Here, some of the day and evening looks that appeared recently in a special fashion show at the American embassy in Madrid. A celebration of new Spanish fashion, it was arranged by Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, wife of our Ambassador to Spain. Pedro Rovira's navy wool surplice, above, open on the sides and back-belted over a white wool culotte dress with navy sleeves and yoke. Elio Berhanyer's rounded coat, right, in beige double-faced wool—welted, rounded collar, pockets, tiny sleeve-caps; a white wool dress. Pertegaz's short-sleeved navy cotton coat, below, and short white linen culotte dress. I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Elio Berhanyer on the shorts circuit, far right: turquoise linen dress with a slit of skirt, a split of navy-blue linen shorts; a navy linen coat double-faced in turquoise. Cadena fabric.



HENRY CLARKE

SPAIN

The spring collections—
strong on navy, on
white... super tailoring

SPAIN

The top of the evening—black lace, pale flowers

Carmen Mir's short black lace, above: a loose ruffled surplice with lots of little ruffles at the hem, floating open on the sides over a strapless dress—snug over the bosom and falling to more rows of tiny ruffles. Pertegaz's see-through black lace jumpsuit, right: wide unlined sleeves, wide unlined pants, wrapped in black satin ribbon—with a double layer of lace over the bosom and skin-coloured bikini panties. Jumpsuit: I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Pedro Rovira's white organza pantalette-dress, below: white organza carnations trembling on a sleeveless, V-necked dress and little matching pantalettes. Pertegaz in full bloom, far right: a delicious one-shoulder dress that's nothing but a flutter of fuchsia-pink organza petals. I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Setting: the apartment of Sr. D. Duarte Pinto-Coelho. Coiffures: Hermanos Blanco.

HENRY CLARKE

the BEAUTY *watch:*

WHAT GIVES, WHAT TAKES, OVER THERE, RIGHT HERE

Big news Over There. Great doings Right Here. Rivetting beauty action in progress, Paris, Rome, London, Madrid, New York. What's the most stirring news? Try the ***new bosom*** on for size. The one to be sought out by exercise, by brassière, by hopefully undetected upliftery. That's the *small* bosom, uprising, due for more and more revelation. Watch that trend. . . . And watch out for ***the midriff.*** Difficult as it may be to believe, there was more naked midriff than ever in the recent collections. Showing up, to give you a far-out for-instance, over pants and under coat. Apparently, no letting-up on tautening, sunning, creaming, polishing, making up that department. . . . ***Watch the masks.*** Real masks. Amusement, adornment, that delivers a new wit to faces. Courrèges showing very big, round, white-leathery-framed gauze eyeglasses. Ungaro mannequins peering through silver masks; Lanvin's girls through a fencing mask. . . . ***Watch the spectacles,*** for seeing, for sun. The very palest pinks, greens, ambers, blues, lavenders coming through in contradictory frames. Some frames almost invisible. Some far from. Example of latter: Some heavily and voluptuously enclosing the eye. American Optical has arrived at a lens-dyeing process that enables you to order your tint, of whatever subtlety, and plain or prescription. You change its colour persuasion at will. Tintolites is what they call their invention. ***Watch the more spirited face.*** Tinted. What doesn't automatically come from the inside being helped by resting on more savvy foundations, getting more programmed colour. New pink and peach moisturizers glow up sallowness. Basil green downs ruddiness. Rougeless faces ***rouging up,*** all over. . . . By far the most exciting look in Paris created by ***brown rouge,*** brown-toned makeup. "Gives a solidity and niftiness to the face that nothing else does," reported a satisfied observer. At Cardin, a fascinating Oriental mannequin, with cheeks very brown and wide; hair very thick, black, and straight; eyes pulled far to the hairline with a ***white line*** at the crease. Total effect: ***more eye.*** At Courrèges, on the lower lid and above the eyeliner on the upper lid, ***horizontal dotted line.*** Accent on the ***round eye*** with fine, long false lashes. . . . Despite forays into the sinister-carmine mouths and fingernails so awesome in 1930 movie magazines, ***shiny pale-peach mouths*** and ***natural-seeming fingernails*** giving the most visual pleasure, taking the most mental prizes in Paris. . . . International preoccupation: the fine art of ***untensemanship,*** how it affects one's whole beauty demeanour. New findings on how nervous strain affects skin. Doctors suggesting that owners of troubled and erratic skins make a special effort at relaxation. . . . ***Group therapy,*** exercise led by a taskmaster who comes to your house, where you've assembled a cosy little group of your most constructive friends (or you go to studio where (Continued on next page)

As any good story should have, the picture, below, *has a princess. Princess Luciana Pignatelli went to her house on the beach at Santa Marinella, cast one look at the Mediterranean, another at her long blond hair, then drove back to Rome—and Alba and Francesca. Haircut that ensued now basis for every sort of hairpiece, when it's not operating on its windswept own. Full of coups de soleil.*





Romantic gossip . . . this gives you one picture

Two heads, one girl. As different as day and night.
Veruschka, left; *small, sleek day look.*
Veruschka, right: *romanticized for an evening.*
Bristling like an urchin, with an hérisson coiffure.
Brought up to date by Charles of the Ritz
who swivelled this year's Paris colour vibrations
into two new lipsticks, Nearly Peach, Nearly Lilac.
Peachy here to pick up tones of warm beige complexion,
a peachy blend of two Veilesscence shades, Phantasy and
Sun Tan. Innocent little amusements in the way of freckles,
courtesy of a light brown eye pencil. Bow by Century Ribbon
Mills. Springmaid cotton blouse by Sarff-Zumpano; about $40.
I. Miller Galleria; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





Beauty shakers: shake a leg into coordination with patterned metallic quicksilver Corfam pump by Roger Vivier, above, *and stocking to match from the Fleming-Joffe Collection; shoes, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.*

THE BEAUTY WATCH:

(Continued from preceding page) taskmaster has assembled same): these calisthenics long ago received their confirmed credentials for ***body shaping.*** Now they're coming into their rightful own as ***untensers.*** "It *relaxes* you so," new converts will never stop telling you smugly, as they stand particularly erect, the better for you to get a good view of their new, improved midriffs. . . . In Stockholm, looks going softer, more romantic ("We're tired of the tough style," said Kim Söderlund, the enchanting blonde whose beauty school has earned her the title of "Model Queen"). ***Mass exercise parties*** there, sometimes held in a stadium for thousands of women. . . . One well-loved New York exercise boss has put her special magic on a ***record*** accompanied by photo slides, about which read more, page 28. In another new record, "The Stillness within Action," Barbara Callen's "inner quiet" teaching begins with this enticing advice: "Start by being good to yourself this minute. Put aside your intentions to be good to yourself at a later time. The smallest effort does more for you now than the best of plans later." . . . In Madrid, certain noteworthy beauties insist that they spend ***three more hours a day sleeping*** than New Yorkers, for instance, seem to be able to. There and everywhere, ***teas and tisanes***—manzanilla, camomile, peppermint, and herbed brews—are constantly being called into play for quieting the jangles. A Spanish angle involves pouring half of a minty pot of tea into the evening bath, taking the remaining 50% internally the while. "Much more salubrious than a sleeping pill" its aficionadas claim. . . . People doing battle with fatigue, demanding ***safe stimulants.*** One seemingly effective new one can be sold without prescription because it's non-narcotic and all that. Name: Comeback. . . . Jolts of ***oxygen*** in certain beauty salons increasingly popular restorative measures. Big rush for this treatment to Aida Grey's lair in Beverly Hills where, while you inhale pure O, your anointed hands and feet glow happily within heated mittens and booties. . . . All kinds of things giving with hair. ***Sculpted, neatened head*** still the biggest take for day. . . . The ***George*** by no means out, by George. . . . ***Pageboy*** reappearing in Rome, in Paris, in London, fuller, softer. . . . In Rome the ***return of the rat*** to give a rounded look at the back of the small skull. One soft, flexible, mouldable cushion being worn under toupets, or with one's own hair combed over to achieve any desired shape. Splendid with small beehives, or to unflatten head under scarf. . . . Hair style with ***centre part*** coming in on little beauty sneakers. Often smooth with a bandeau. Duchess of Windsor and Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes are two that are sampling this. . . . Fresh in Paris, ***flower shampoos,*** custom-cooked of leaves and blossoms right in front of you at the Guinot salon. Mme. Giscard d'Estaing and Sophia Loren among flower-shampoo addicts. In London, visitors and locals making for the new Eylure shop in Grosvenor Street for the ***individual lashes,*** applied one by one—or the theatrical lashes, applied by twos and threes. And for Joan Price's Face Place in Chelsea, where shelves are stocked according to ***type of skin.*** All dry-skin products go in one section, oily skin products in another, et cetera. . . . ***Hair transplants,*** once considered men's exclusive turf, now filling in for what's missing on many deserving female heads. . . . ***The legs of Paris,*** when they're not knee-socked or coordinated with shoe (as at left): nude and amber and shining. . . . ***Skin fitting*** plastic surgery being gone into by younger women than you'd imagine. For one thing, the doctors seem to like to get an earlier start. . . . Good things coming in clever packages. Taken everywhere: a ***travelling wig,*** specially treated to retain its shape, curled up in an 8½″ x 3″ cylinder that happens to have its own mirror, wig brush, spray. . . . Rage for ***freckles*** and body décor has prompted set of coloured skin crayons. Op Stiks, their name is. . . .



Shake your viewers with the whopping sunglasses, right. "*Headlites*" *by Tropic-Cal have convex tinted lens to cover every angle; Bloomingdale's.*

dramatic gossip: ***...you take it from here***

Taking hold, taking over in all global quarters—the drama of faces browned and sunnied, mouths taking on the wild sparkle of what seems to be copper. For Marisa Mell, right, *whose most recent movie dramatics are* Danger: Diabolik! *and* Anyone Can Play, *the supporting rôles here are played by Max Factor's new Wild Copper UltraLucent Creme iridescent lipstick. CopperCotta's the shade and Tawny Tan Geminesse fluid makeup backs it up. . . . Have a ball—a red-white-&-blue sequinned ball—with the bracelet, ring, and earrings by Maurice Jacobs. Red crêpe shirt from Sarff-Zumpano. Hair by Suga of Kenneth.*

BERT STERN



THE ANYTHING-*goes* COAT, BELTED

THE UNDRENCHABLES—
WHITE
AND
BRIGHT,
SPLASHED
WITH
FLOWERS



Cheery little coats for day, evening, downpour, anything—vinyl, splattered with flowers like children's cutouts. The belts, added. Red and green coats, appliquéd in flocked white flowers, bow-tied white belts. The green coat, with zip front. The red with six buttons. Both, Comark vinyl. Each, about $100. The white coats, flowered in red with a small standup collar, flowered in green with a turnover collar. Both, tied with white buckled belts. Of Uniroyal fabric. Each, about $125.

BERT STERN

All four coats by Aquanala. Opposite page: Both coats at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Rich's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. With the white coat: K.J.L. earrings. Endura watch. Schaffer belt. Berkshire knee socks. With the green coat: Monet earrings. Calderon belt; gloves by Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb, both at Bonwit Teller. Socks, Bewitching: Bergdorf Goodman. Nina shoes. With both: Echo stocks.

This page: Both coats at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Gidding-Jenny; Swanson's; Sakowitz. With the white coat: Marvella earrings. Schaffer belt. Van Raalte handstraps. With the red coat: K.J.L. earrings. Calderon belt, at Bonwit Teller. This page, knee socks by Bewitching: Bergdorf Goodman. Nina shoes. Coiffures, both pages, by Ara Gallant, with Leon Buchheit hairpieces.





ANYTHING *goes*... BELTED

COATS WITH COTTON LOOKS—SLICK AS SHIRTS IN EARTHY BROWNS, COACH-DOG SPOTS

Woodsy brown, far left, belted with white leather tied in a bow —the soft touch against a shirt-tailored coat with pale buttons and stitching; flapped pockets. Bush coat, centre, of sturdy cotton canvas in another wood-brown with four flapped pockets, wide bush belt, a great collar for stocks. Around yoke and edges: leather piping. Firehouse spots—splattered in darkest brown on white cotton, this page. Double-breasted with two big patch pockets, belt of white leather (we added).

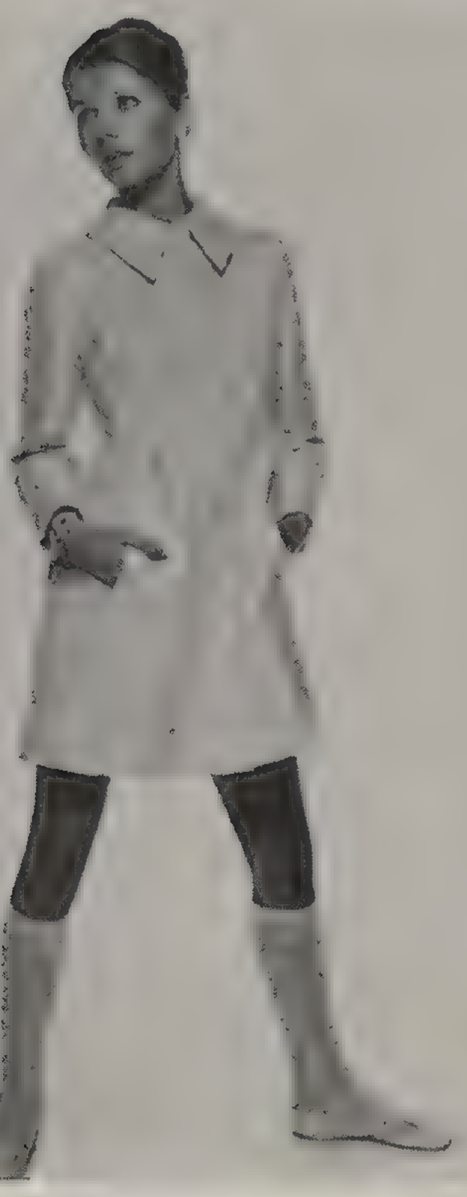
Far left: Coat, a Raincheetah by Naman, of Avril and cotton, Zepel finish; about $36. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel. Napier earrings. Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb gloves: Altman's. Calderon belt. Knee socks by Bewitching. Nina shoes. Coiffure by Martin Downey.

Centre: Coat by Viola Sylbert for Albert Alfus; about $125. Emily Wetherby stock. Monet earrings. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: at Rich's; Gidding-Jenny. Handstraps by Maxine Clement for Maximilia. Knee socks by Bewitching. Fiorentina shoes (buckle added). Ara Gallant coiffure; Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.

Near left: Coat by Originala, of Nattier fabric. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Emily Wetherby stock. Calderon belt: Bonwit Teller. Chained handstraps by Maxine Clement for Maximilia. Knee socks, Bewitching: Lord & Taylor. Fiorentina shoes (buckle added). Ara Gallant coiffure; Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.

BERT STERN

ANYTHING *goes...*



COTTON COATS BANDED,
FLOWERED, BELTED



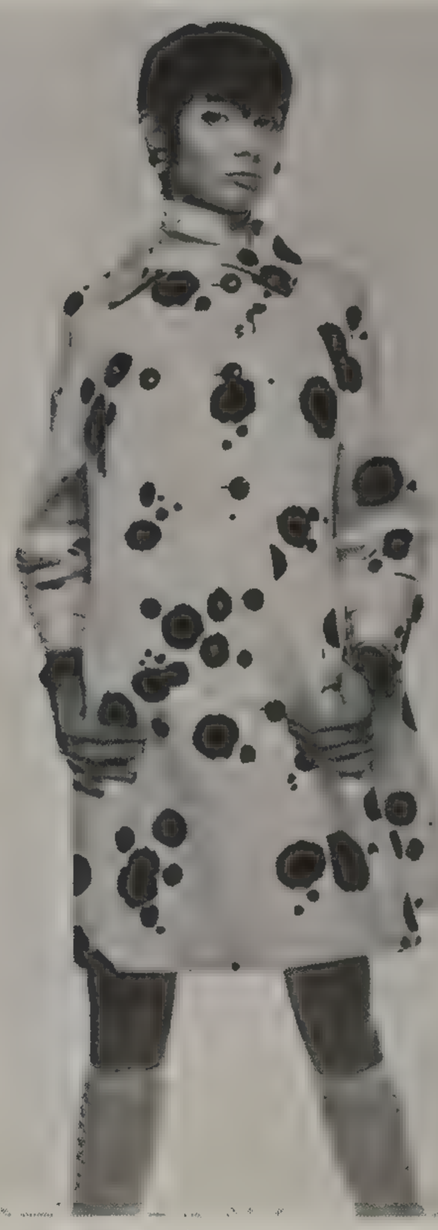
Shirtmade coat, flower-textured, far left, a skin-into coat with the trimness of a dress. White with daisies, yellow centres. Small at the top, fullness starting at the waist. Belt and bands of brown, left, outlining a white poplin coat—low-slung, snappy, springy. Two rows of buttons, and a brass buckle. For the newest secret agent, right, a stormy black canvas coat, with stand-up collar, small silvery buttons, epaulettes, a buckled belt.

Far left: Coat by Don Simonelli for Modelia; cotton, Bemberg rayon, Du Pont nylon (Sheraton-TSM fabric); about $120. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Joseph Magnin. Marvella earrings. Oris watch. White knee socks by Bewitching. Strapped white shoes by Nina. The coiffure, by Ara Gallant. *Left:* Coat by La Flaque de Paris of Cuddlecoat, of cotton poplin; about $50. At Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Joseph Magnin. Marvella earrings. Emily Wetherby stock. Socks by Bewitching: Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes by Nina. Coiffure by Martin Downey. *Right:* Coat by Regina Porter for Main Street, of Haven Avril and cotton canvas; about $50. Monet earrings. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, also at Rich's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Handstraps by Maxine Clement for Maximilia. Socks by Bewitching. The coiffure, by Ara Gallant.

BERT STERN



ANYTHING *goes...*



STRIPED AND SPOTTED
COTTON COATS:
THE FULL PLAID CAPE



The print of the tiger, far left—yellow, black, furry-looking on a wildly great cotton coat with turnover collar, tied belt, low patch pockets, double-breasted buttons. Dalmatian spots, left, in black on white for a racy little cotton coat with a sloped-out shape, belted sleeves, and black buttons. Anything-goes cape, right, a free swing of red and green with button-down collar, a buttoned band down the front, small button-on belt over the fullness at the back.

Far left: Coat by Originala, of Nattier cotton. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny. Napier square earrings. Brown knee socks by Bewitching. *Left:* Coat by Originala, of Nattier cotton. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Napier earrings. Emily Wetherby stock. Knee socks by Kayser. With both coats, opposite page, handstraps by Maxine Clement for Maximilia. *Right:* Cape by The Sidneys, of Fortrel and cotton by Galey & Lord; about $56. Napier earrings. Both, at Lord & Taylor. Cape, also at Famous-Barr; I. Magnin. Bracelets by Castlecliff; Kramer. Hudson stockings, at Henri Bendel. All coiffures, by Martin Downey.

BERT STERN



ANYTHING *goes...* BELTED



BERT STERN

COATS WITH THE COTTON IDEA— PALE, POCKETS FLAPPING

Tailor's smallcoat, opposite, of ivory with turnover collar and cuffs, big flapped pockets, a lot of white buttons, narrow white leather belt, knotted. Deep vents slice up the sides. Bushbaby coat, left, mini and great in off-white sailcloth with four gilt-buttoned pockets, belt with gilt buckle. A stand-up collar, asking for a turtleneck or stock tied inside.

Opposite: Coat by Originala, of Terylene and cotton poplin (Stoffel-Galey & Lord fabric). Calderon belt. Both at Bonwit Teller. Coat: Nan Duskin; Rich's; I. Magnin. Earrings by Napier. Old England watch. Berkshire socks. Capezio shoes, at Lord & Taylor. *Left:* Coat by Weatherbee, of Kodel and cotton (Earl-Loom fabric) with Zepel finish; about $36. At Best & Co.; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Marvella earrings, at Best & Co. Knee socks by Bewitching, at Bergdorf Goodman. Leather handstraps by Van Raalte. Shoes by Nina. The coiffures on both pages, by Ara Gallant.

VOGUE PATTERNS



COTTON'S *got it* —

TWO NEW WAYS FOR
A SUIT TO LOOK

VOGUE PATTERN 7270

Good-looking suits in good heavy cotton the colour of wheat—two on-the-go types for spring. It's got zip, left, this little suit with the neat funnel collar, the shirt-banded sleeves. Zip with a ring and zip on big patch pockets, and also a skirt on the mini-A side. Vogue Pattern 7270. Polished gilt earrings by Napier: Lord & Taylor. It's got pants, right, and the pants are short under a dandy coat tapering in at the waist and out again, with one pleat in back. Vogue Pattern 7193. Sweater by Jax. Maison de Fou handstrap: Henri Bendel. Both pages: Cone cotton, at Altman's. Knee socks by Bewitching. Top-of-the sock straps by Vision: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures by Alan of Kenneth. Other pattern details, on page 144.

VOGUE PATTERN 7193

BERT STERN

has anyone found the BEAST in us ?

EDITOR'S NOTE: Professor of sociology and anthropology at Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri, Dr. Jules Henry is, he said, "a people-watcher." After receiving his Doctor of Philosophy degree at Columbia University, he went first, in 1933, to people-watch the Kaingáng Indians, living with them, learning their language, and writing about them the book *Jungle People*. Later he and his wife lived with the Pilagá Indians near the border of Argentina and Paraguay studying relations between parents and children. Children are often the people Dr. Henry watches. On a grant from the United States Office of Education he is studying "the natural history of the deprived Negro child. We want to find out, as exactly as we can, why some of these kids make it and some do not." His newest book, *Pathways to Madness*, to be published this autumn by Random House, is a study of families with psychotic children. Whomever he is watching, Dr. Henry works in "human ethology—though, of course, we do not deal with innate but rather with learned traits."

Outside the big glass door of our kitchen-dining room, high on the side of a steep hill in Portola Valley, California, was the patio-dining room of the animals that came to eat what my wife and I put out there. As we ate breakfast or lunch, we watched the birds and squirrels. We saw that some birds would come only when the coast was clear; that some would take only tiny crumbs, while others would eat only big ones. We became angry with the squirrels, because they were so timid that the jays would take all the peanuts while the squirrels were getting up enough courage to come down off the trees. Even though we were but a short time in California, we became like Californians in detesting jays, because the birds were so "aggressive" and "greedy."

One night, during a party, when the company was gay from pre-dinner Martinis and a *garrafa* of wonderful Spanish wine, a single raccoon appeared inexplicably out of the night and regarded us from within the circle of light that fell on her from the dining room-kitchen. Immediately we lost interest in one another and rushed about to feed "Racky." The handiest food was the Malayan chicken (chicken seared in olive oil, plus orange juice, ripe olives, water chestnuts, et cetera) my wife had prepared; and we gave that to "Racky" and, in silence, watched the animal eat it and come back for more. Ever after that, until we left, Racky returned to be fed every night between ten and eleven. It was so moving to see her appear quietly out of the darkness and approach us, in simple trust. It was moving to feed her (we think she was pregnant and *very* hungry) and have her come so close—almost into the house. We discovered that Racky would eat practically anything; mostaccioli, cottage cheese, supermarket rolls (ugh!)—anything. She drank milk and water, and when she finished she would vanish.

From such simple beginnings—man's primordial feeling of closeness to animals, his fascination with their habits and their mystery, and his inherent tendency to attribute his own emotions to them—has grown the branch of zoology called ethology. Ethologists are not men and women who watch occasionally from inside their breakfast rooms but are scientists who usually spend years studying the same animal (bird, fish, insect, mammal), first in the wild state and then often in the laboratory. Ethologists are primarily interested in discovering the innate —the inborn—social-behaviour patterns of animals: The more the behaviour of the animal seems determined by intelligence and experience rather than by what is inborn, the less attention ethologists have given the animal. Hence study of the gibbon, orangutan, gorilla, and chimpanzee—the animals closest to man in physique and intelligence—has been left largely to anthropologists and comparative psychologists.

Two of the most distinguished names in ethology are Niko Tinbergen and Konrad Lorenz. In "Der Kumpan in der Umwelt des Vogels" ("the companion in the birds' world"), published in 1935, Lorenz described "imprinting," a phenomenon it took the scientific world just about twenty-five years to examine and understand. Lorenz discovered that if one presents a bird with almost any moving object at all shortly after birth—before it has had contact with one of its own species, it will follow that object all its life. This discovery raised the important question of the "critical period" when any animal learns best and indelibly. Tinbergen has been less spectacular and is less known, but his work in ethology is fundamental and gripping. Here is something on courting among herring gulls from his *Social Behaviour in Animals:*

> In spring the flock visits the breeding grounds in the sand dunes together. When they settle, after having circled in the air above for some time, they segregate into pairs, which settle on territories within the colony's range. Not all birds are paired, however; many gather in so-called "clubs." Long and consistent study of marked individuals has proved that new pairs form in these clubs. The female takes the initiative in pair formation. An unmated female approaches a male in a peculiar attitude. She withdraws her neck, points her bill forward and slightly upward; and, adopting a horizontal attitude, she walks slowly round the male of her choice.

There is an equally meticulous description of what the male does and of the final mating.

Superficial similarities between animal and human behaviour have led many who should know better, including the great Lorenz himself, to draw parallels between animal and human behaviour. One of the numerous objections to drawing a parallel between herring-gull and human flirtation is that in the herring gull the behaviour pattern is largely innate, whereas in man it is culturally determined. One may see something like the herring-gull manoeuvre at a cocktail party in our culture but not in a Kaingáng Indian or Pilagá Indian village; one may see it in a middle- or upper-class living room but not in an igloo. Herring gulls have no choice: man has a million—and has made them all.

There is scarcely an issue of *Science*, organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, that does not contain at least one article on ethology. Consider just the following:

> "Defensive Use of a 'Fecal Shield' by a Beetle Larva:" by T. Eisner, E. van Tassell, J. E. Carrel. December 15, 1967. Abstract:

BY JULES HENRY

"The larva of *Cassida rubiginosa* carries a tight packet of cast skins and feces on a fork held over its back. The packet is a manoeuvrable shield used by the larva to protect itself against attack. It is highly effective in blocking the bite of ants."

"*The Accessory Burrows of Digger Wasps:*" by H. E. Evans. April 22, 1966. This major paper is "a condensation of material to be included in Dr. Evans's forthcoming book, *The Comparative Ethology and Evolution of the Sand Wasps.*" The first sentence of the article reads, "Students of solitary wasps have long been intrigued by the varied and elaborate behaviour patterns associated with nest closure and concealment."

In the same issue of *Science* there is an article about research on the speed of porpoises, financed by the Navy, and one on courtship among spiders, funded in part by the National Science Foundation.

Thus ethology is a major field of study in zoology, and even students of solitary wasps, it would appear, are not alone. It will be remembered that the late Alfred Kinsey was a student of wasps before he started to study human sexual behaviour.

With few exceptions, ethologists have been happy to concentrate on lower animals, fascinated by their mystery or concerned to fit animal behaviour into an evolutionary scheme. But Konrad Lorenz has not been satisfied to love his greylag geese, his jackdaws, and his ducks: He wants ethology to mean something in human affairs; he is in agony over the condition of man, and he thinks—he hopes—that ethology has suggestions of what to do about man's "aggression" against man—about human killing and cruelty. To this subject he has devoted his book *On Aggression.* It was published in 1963, when, having lived through two world wars and seen his Germany first create a holocaust and then go down in rubble and flames, and when, in the shadow of the bomb and the impending tragedy in Viet Nam, he began to feel that perhaps there was no hope for survival at all. He looked to ethology for a solution. Lorenz is a suffering man who wants to save *mankind.*

Starting with a lovely word picture of the Florida keys, as he swims among the fishes and the flora in the warm water, Lorenz takes us through a stunning array of animal life, from fishes to mammals, showing us, above all, how intraspecies aggression is controlled just at the killing point in the animal world. That is the main thrust of this fascinating book. With species after species he shows that in lower animals aggression within the same species usually eventuates in bluff and no animal is hurt. A marvellous and intricate section on the greylag goose shows how what was originally a "triumph ceremony," in which a triumphant goose displayed its "pride" over a defeated rival, became transformed, in the course of evolution, into a "family ritual" so that each greylag goose family—father, mother, and children—now identifies its members by their own private family ritual. It is not territory that unites these wondrous birds, but a common sharing of the symbol.

Why can not man invent mere bluffs and rituals that will divert aggression and proclaim solidarity with his fellow men? Why is *Homo sapiens* the only species that pursues intraspecific aggression to the death? This is Lorenz's question; and he has no convincing answer. He urges that men should develop rituals that will sidetrack and sublimate killing. He thinks, for example, that sport is a good way of draining off aggression and, on an international scale, could be used as a substitute for killing.

A striking fact about Lorenz's proposals is that some are well-known at the tribal level. For example, among my friends the Pilagá Indians of Argentina, with whom my wife and I lived for a year, hockey (a game invented by South American Indians) is played as mock warfare between antagonistic villages. The men dress up in war paint and panoplies, play for high stakes, and, in the course of the game, treat one another so savagely that the women and children act as medics, ministering to the kicked and the bashed. No one is ever seriously injured, however. In other tribes, ritual spear throwing is a way of working off tensions between members of different villages. Sometimes someone is wounded, but the ritual is to dodge the spears. On the other hand, however, serious inter- and even intratribal wars are common in some parts of the primitive world. Before the colonization of South America, a common, perhaps the most usual, warfare was between different segments of the same tribe. (See my *Jungle People,* Random House, 1965.) Hans Staden, a German seaman, captured by the Tupí Indians of Brazil in about 1552, wrote a rare book containing cannibal recipes. They are based on Tupí Indians' eating of other Tupís.

Human beings have tried Lorenz's formula from time to time; but in the contemporary world, with so much wealth and power at stake, ritualized aggression is a feather against the walls of Hell. Meanwhile, I respect Lorenz for his suffering and for the sincerity of his anguish.

Matters are different with Robert Ardrey, another person who has looked to ethology for answers to human problems. His book *The Territorial Imperative* is free-enterprise, private-property ideology "based on" the findings of ethology, though he is not an ethologist himself. He says he had some training as an anthropologist—though it surely was very long ago and it did not stick; and he has written plays and at least one other book. Ardrey believes that, as an absolute instinctual imperative, every-body has to have private property ("territory"); and he uses the findings of ethology to "prove" it.

In sociological thought, an ideology is a system of notions that grows up to bolster a predetermined position. If I am a communist, I will have an unshakeable system of ideas in which I believe heart and soul, no matter how many holes one can punch in it; if I am a free-enterpriser, I will have an opposite set of ideas, equally "impregnable," equally inaccessible to reason. Ardrey uses the biological fact that many species of animals appropriate, inhabit, and defend fixed territories to support his private-property ideology. He is thus a very different animal from Lorenz, and his goals are different. Lorenz weeps for all violent death. Ardrey says he is in favour of what the United States is doing in Viet Nam, but that we are bound to lose, because we are violating the (Continued on page 138)

The Conde and Condesa de Romanones have a passionately Spanish style of living. Possessor of one of the oldest titles in Spain, the Conde and his beautiful American wife (she was born Aline Griffith of Pearl River, New York) savour every aspect of their fierce and gentle country, moving with the seasons, from their house in Madrid to their glimmering white holiday house in Marbella, on the Costa del Sol, to their finca, Pascualete, in Estremadura, the most savage province in Spain.

Each house is a special adventure in living, animated and united by the zest, warmth, and hospitality of the Romanones'; but the most spectacular adventure is in the Roman excavations at their beloved mediaeval *palacio*, Pascualete, in the Romanones family for seven centuries. Pascualete, the Condesa discovered, is built on the site of a second-century Roman latifundium. The floors, the arches, and many of its doorways are Roman:

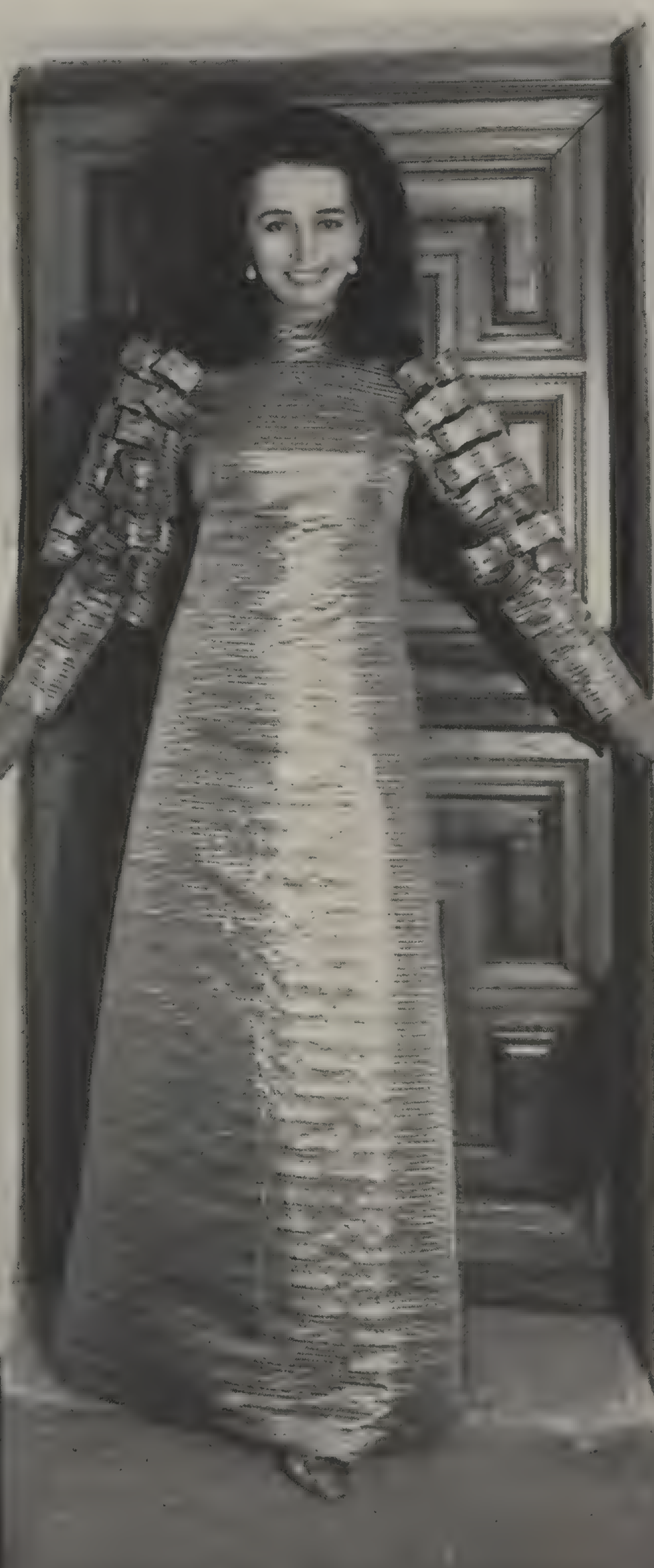
"But the difficulty," said the Condesa, "was knowing where to dig. Quite by accident, looking for stones to make a paddock for one of my husband's horses, we came upon the Roman house we are uncovering now. An archaeologist pointed out another spot covered by Roman tiles, and right away we found coins, pottery, a small bronze statue.

"Now, when we go to Pascualete, we are all fascinated with the excavating and our three sons even give up shooting to direct the work." Among their antiquities the Romanones' live with charm,with immediacy. For them the earth yields treasures.

Near right: Condesa de Romanones, in a glitter dress by the Spanish couturier Elio, outside her bedroom (marked, as is the custom, with the name of the owners of Pascualete).

Far right: The entrance hall with its original second-century Roman floor. On the sixteenth-century table, a second-century Roman bust found in the estate dig and, above the cupboard, stuffed royal bustards shot at Pascualete







HOUSE OF AGES, HOUSE OF NOW

Two slants of life for the Conde and Condesa de Romanones, two of their houses in Spain: one, a mediaeval finca on Roman ruins; one, a new, ice-white house in the sun

HOUSE OF AGES

The Romanones' at Pascualete

The Conde and Condesa de Romanones go to Pascualete, the house at the heart of their lives, as often as possible, spending every Christmas and Holy Week there and most weekends in the autumn and winter for the spectacular shooting at Pascualete: Partridge rise in whirring black clouds and guests from all over the world arrive for house parties. Some guests come just for fun, or to explore the Roman excavations, but most are out in the field at dawn, stopping only for an open-air lunch of paella. Although Pascualete is now a precious part of the Romanones' life, when the Condesa first saw the *palacio* soon after her marriage, it was desolate and had not been visited by a Romanones for over a century. While restoring it, giving it back comfort, warmth, and luxury, but retaining its air of mediaeval austerity and simplicity, the Condesa became intrigued by its mystery and started to research the house and the area; today she is an authority on Estremanian history and Spanish palaeography. *Left:* Sunday lunch on the back terrace. Friends here include Ambassador and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, and the Marqués and Marquesa de Villaverde. *Below left:* The dining room at Pascualete "the most amusing room in the house, all different levels and curious arches" where twenty-six people can sit at the table made on the finca. Pottery hung on the walls is a custom in Estremadura. *Below:* The Condesa's bedroom with sixteenth-century Spanish furniture and old Spanish prints. *Right:* The Condesa's bathroom designed by her with a great fireplace and a free-standing bathtub framed in tiles made in nearby villages.

HENRY CLARKE





Every summer, particularly in August, the Romanones family migrates to the holiday house at Marbella on the Costa del Sol. Designed by the Conde de Romanones and built three years ago, the house with its white marble floors, terraces, and swimming pool shimmering in the sun has the look of a Moorish pavilion. The terrace room, *above*, is where people gather like butterflies to blossoms. "The children" (which is how the Condesa sometimes refers to their three great handsome sons, Luis, Alvaro, and Miguel, ranging in age from eighteen to fifteen) and their friends especially love this room, flopping, as above, onto the big white leather and wood seat in its centre, strumming guitars and talking. *Right:* The Condesa de Romanones on the terrace with two of her three dachshunds.

HENRY CLARKE

HOUSE OF NOW

The Romanones sun and holiday house in Marbella





Above: In the white marble terrace room, two of the Romanones sons, Luis and Alvaro Figuerroa, with some of their friends. Left to right: Señorita Cristina Martinez Torres, Alvaro Figuerroa, the bullfighter Angel Teruel, Señorita Eveline Bendyan, and Luis Figuerroa dancing with Miss Candy Brown. *Near right:* The Conde de Romanones pruning an orange tree in the gardens at Marbella. *Below:* Looking out from the dining part of the terrace room towards the swimming pool and the sea. *Below right:* A cluster of young guests with Luis and Alvaro Figuerroa.



HOUSE OF NOW *The Romanones in Marbella*

The house at Marbella is designed as a machine for holidaying in; the Romanones' planned it like that, and so, while there is always gaiety and action in the terrace room and around the swimming pool, privacy is a step away, among the gardens or in the cool shadowy rooms. The Mauresque look of the outside of the house is emphasized indoors, especially in the Moroccan room, *above,* with its low copper lamps from Tangier, its plants and flowers arranged by the Condesa in Arabic *braseros*. There guests gather for Turkish coffee or Moroccan tea after lunch or dinner. Paintings hang in every room, for the Conde de Romanones, a painter who signs his family name Luis Quintanilla to his work, collects contemporary art. The two paintings on the left, *above,* are by him but the one on the right is by the young Greek painter Perkikis. The rug, designed by Quintanilla, was woven in the rug factory at Pascualete which the Condesa started four years ago to give more employment in the district. Now it is a cooperative owned by thirty-six workers who export rugs to France, England, and the United States.

HENRY CLARKE





THROWING CAUTION OUT– MIXING SILVER AND VERMEIL

Some things you can *not* do. You can *not* get toothpaste back in the tube. You can *not* catch an Italian greyhound, such as the one here, in a graceless act or pose. You can *not* find a beautifully designed silver or vermeil utensil looking other than beautiful. In a jam jar? A canoe? A burglar's bag? Inappropriate, maybe, but beautiful. The flatware patterns on these pages are beautiful in their stripped simplicity, good looks as enduring as the beauty of good bones. Most of these patterns can be had in either sterling silver or in vermeil, which is a marriage of gold to silver. A marriage that lasts, in fact, centuries. The positive point of these *not* notes is that, since beautiful things never lose their cool, you can throw caution out and mix silver and vermeil in one table setting, or switch back and forth for different courses, or play it all one way, or all the other. Or, if you are rich and greedy, try them all, all, all. Last, best *not* note: With beautiful things you can *not* go wrong. No, one more: You can *not* throw the crystal goblet across the room at an outrageous lover and expect it to remain whole even though it has a silver stem. This proves, possibly, that crystal and love, although beautiful, too, may last less long than silver and vermeil.

The sterling or vermeil flatware shown, upright, from left to right: Grand Colonial fork by Wallace. Lunt's Colonial Theme spoon, sterling only. Vivant fork, sterling only, Oneida. Craftsman spoon by Towle. On its side: Gorham's Old English Tipt spoon. Knife, at an angle: Pointed Antique by Reed & Barton. Angled spoon: International's Vision pattern. Large pistol-handled knife, Rat-tail, by Tiffany. Ace Silversmiths, 200 E. 75th St., N. Y. 10022, will vermeil silver pieces with 24-k. gold. The adult Italian Greyhound here is nine pounds of packaged grace. Puppies are available for $150 and up; Don Dunmire, Nodla Kennels, R.D. No. 1, South Fork, Pennsylvania. The silver and crystal goblet is old . . . to find and collect, perhaps.

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



Faye, the gorgeous Dunaway, studies the rôle of the three-quarter hemline. Yes, yes, it was absolutely right for Bonnie in *Bonnie and Clyde,* but this is 1968 and Faye's not a girl to go around looking 1930's droopy in real life. Besides ***this length is seductive*** and alluring especially as the day grows later. And anyway, Faye was going off to Russia and more skirt *is* more warm. . . . Faye solves this in the tiny atelier of ***two adorable girls named Sibley and Coffee.*** The girls design and custom-make really sharp of-the-moment clothes. For Faye they cooked up the navy melton three-quarter coat (left and below), double cape-collared and zoom-opening to a blazing red lining. Then there's a consultation about where to put the three-quarter mark on the pêche crêpe wiggly (below right). While Sibley and Coffee are straightening that out, Faye's siting the exact spot to place her antique cameo. . . .







"Somehow, you find ***you sit so differently in a three-quarter skirt***—you *melt* into a chair." . . . In her coffee marabou three-quarter, topped with a silk organdie shirt (above and far right), Faye illustrates. . . . What goes under Faye's coat, opposite page (left)—a black twill, brass-buttoned Nehru jacket and mini-jupe. . . . Sibley and Coffee are at 320 E. 58th St.; PL 8-2341. . . .





JACK ROBINSON

Sonny, the sharp



musician, and singer, and movie-maker, oh yes! And as a dresser Sonny is sharp, sharp, sharp, too. . . . His new ring (right), Chér had sculpted for him—it's her portrait in 18-karat gold. . . . And on a whisk trip through New York ***Sonny found this cape*** (below)—



swooping yards of black antelope suède gilded with exquisite swirls of silver bullion. At Palacio, 830 Lexington Avenue. . . . And ***"this is Chér's biggest thing at the moment"*** (right). Sonny describes his most exotic evening dress—baby-blue pebbly sateen trousers, Mao-collar shirt—blue-and-silver brocade cummerbund, and cutaway jacket deep-cuffed in white mink. It was designed like most of Sonny's gear, by Chér, who understands that no hip man today can dress *up* enough. . . .



More on next page

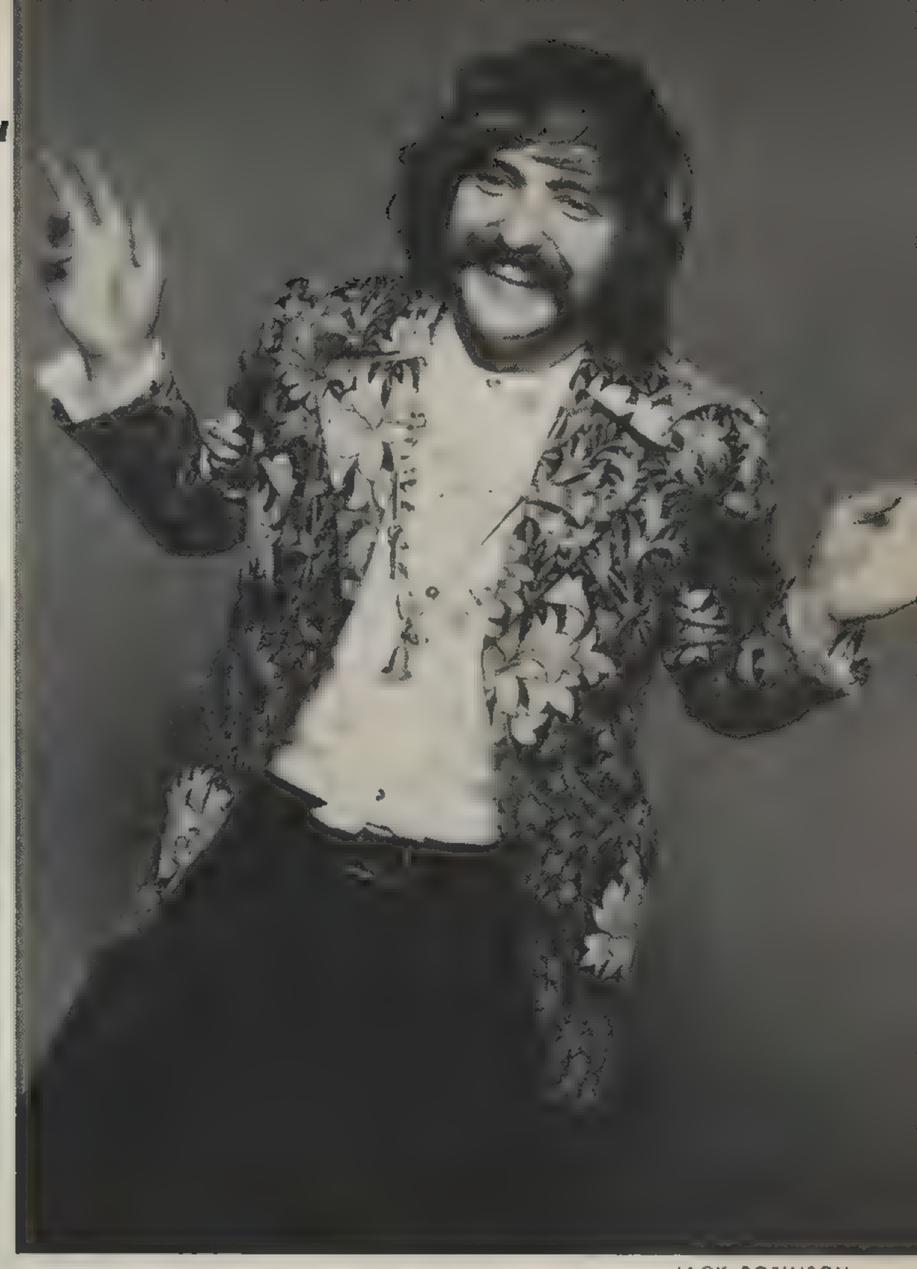
VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Dennis Hopper is sharp as photographer, as actor—and dresser, wow! What he's got on here (right), the jacket his wife had made for him at London's "Granny Takes a Trip" boutique—from a real flowery upholstery chintz bought at Liberty's. . . .

Hello! Look who's coming here—The Earl of Lichfield and Janet Lyle (below)—they're only two of the beautiful-est people in London. Now Janet is planning to open a branch of her Annacat boutique in New York. And Patrick is going to add some men's stuff as great as he puts together for himself. Shirts here, from Annacat, 270 Brompton Road, London.



PATRICK LICHFIELD



JACK ROBINSON



JILL KREMENTZ

Ahh, ***the lure of the uniform,*** Elin Saltzman (left) bought her World War II WAVES one for $40 at Bedlam, 817 Madison Avenue—wore it to a Paraphernalia party at "Salvation." . . . Same party, Caterine Milinaire (below) in a glorious embroidered vest from "The Apple" in London—and we all know, ***to wear a vest is to be it today.***



"Some of them think they're really going to learn to cast a spell . . ." Dr. Joseph Kaster speaking off-the-cuff about his absolutely above-board class, "Witchcraft, Magic and Sorcery." For a year and a half Doctor Kaster's been pulling a mixed bag of pupils—physicians, Madison Avenue types, "hippies—oh we get plenty of those," to his course at New York University. . . . He handles the topic historically, careful to explain that witchcraft is a religion—and the ones who "are deadly serious, think they're going to raise the devil, are disabused of that." Dr. Kaster also points out Freudian overtones on the subject . . . takes the class on a field trip to Salem, Massachusetts, where there are discussions with local descendants of two hanged witches. . . . Dr. Kaster, like lots of others, finds that people today are rivetted by such things as witchcraft, the occult—"it's an interesting phenomenon and, let's face it, we all operate on some of these principles unconsciously. . . ."

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

About toes (and keeping on them) and heels (and kicking them up)

Feet are barer than ever now. Blatantly. In small sandals, in long sandals, thonged sandals, in toe ornaments and ankle bands. In everything that's almost nothing and bare. But naturally you haven't been caught without your footworks in order. Pretty Feet is here in a new bouncy plastic bottle to smooth the way for you, to take with you wherever those sandals may go. It's a lotion that seems to know how to deal with roughened skin, and, with your own attentive care, to coax the old, tired skin off, baby-softness in. A new outlook for your feet that might even prod you into more pedicures, and a notion to extend the bareness of backs and midriffs right to the toes, to kick up your heels a bit, show off some of that finesse. Blatantly.

The tingle lingers on

Know how that world-is-too-much-with-me feeling can be banished by a brisk walk—chin up, shoulders back, step lively? It's a case of increased circulation and disciplined posture toning up the morale. Something similar happens when skin overburdened with excess oil gets toned up with an astringent (oil takes a walk; skin takes a new lease on life). Among the tone-iest, tinglingest of these is Prince Matchabelli's Polyderm Astringent Lotion. Newest member of the P.M. family of skin treatments, it was especially concocted for those extra-oily youthful skins that do not want the rich creams that other less-endowed skins lap up greedily. This cleans and clears the pores, refreshes, cheers. Plan is that it be used night and morning along with Polyderm Normalizing Cleansing Cream, then on its own often during the day. One of the nice things about its tingle is its staying power. Keeps skin happy for quite a spell.

Fine hair distinction

Things are getting more and more specialized in the hair department. Fine lines being drawn—with the good results of our getting more of what we need for our specific kind of hair. For hair than which nothing could be finer, Pantene, the Swiss hair wizard blessed here and Over There, has done some further specializing. Like this: There has been Forming de Pantene conditioner and setting lotion #1 for oily hair and #2 for dry hair. Now the fine hairs get theirs with Forming de Pantene #3. Because this baby-type topping usually goes limp and disobedient after laundering, #3 moves in to give a firm set while the conditioner works to bulk up the hair. Colour-treated hair especially receptive. . . . Great for the delicate who sometimes wish that they could be a bit more coarse. . . . (More Ready Beauty, page 139)

Carol White

(Continued from page 84)

the lights went on and the boys started chatting me up, and I just went out there and did it." As a result, the finished sequence has exactly the atmosphere of awkward sauciness that the scene needed. It was obviously this lack of self-consciousness that impressed Kenneth Loach when he auditioned her for her first big part in the television play *Cathy Come Home* for the BBC. He asked her to imagine she was coming out of a pub, having a row with her husband on the other side of the road. "I just started shouting, 'You rotten bastard' or something like that, and he said, 'All right, stop, you've got the part.' "

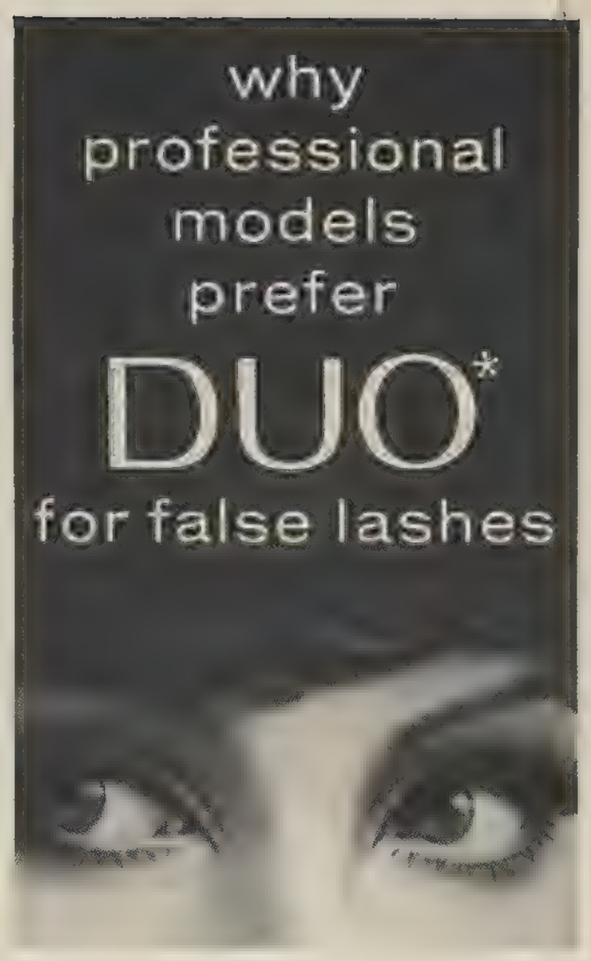
Since then Loach has used her more and more to guide scenes improvised on a few lines of dialogue in front of the cameras. "Her talent." he said. "is to be able to be spontaneous inside a fixed framework. She can preserve a sense of direction where other actors would go off at a tangent."

In *Poor Cow*, for instance, Terence Stamp is sitting in a hip bath soaping himself when Carol comes up behind him, smiling, with a bucket of cold water and pours it in his crotch. He had not been told it was going to be cold water—"Ken's evil like that"—and his reaction and the subsequent dialogue have a freshness all of their own.

In *Poor Cow*, perhaps the best instance is when she turns on the actor playing her divorce lawyer, just as he thinks the scene is over, and asks him whether he is married. In almost every case her self-confidence relaxes the other actors and certainly allows Terence Stamp to come closer to his own off-stage personality than in any other film.

Carol White has just completed *I'll Never Forget What's 'is Name* directed by Michael Winner, and has finished work on another picture, *The Fixer*, in which she followed a set script and much stricter directions: She enjoyed it. Carol White is unquestionably a director's dream.

BY JOHN WELLS



Duo *Eyelash Adhesive* has long been preferred by models and other smart women who wear false eyelashes. This special waterproof adhesive has "extra" holding power yet it keeps its flexibility so that it cannot cake, flake or become brittle. Duo's pure surgical formula, originally created for hospital use, contains no irritants. It's gentle to the skin . . . won't cause tears.

Duo is easier to use because it stays where it's put, doesn't run into lashes. And it's invisible when it dries. Easy-to-put-on Duo is easy to take off, too. It lifts off the false lash in a clean strip.

Your druggist, your cosmetician, your beautician will all tell you that Duo Eyelash Adhesive has no equal. It not only is the easiest and most effective way to put on your lashes . . . Duo *is safer!* You owe it to your eyes to get Duo today, as other smart women do. Now at drug and cosmetic counters everywhere . . . complete with handy applicator.

FOR FREE BOOKLET, *"Professional Tips on Wearing False Lashes," send your name and address to Duo, P.O. Box 41, Dept. VA, Jamaica, N.Y. 11434.*



DUO surgical formula
EYELASH ADHESIVE

Has anyone found the beast in us?

(Continued from page 123)

primaeval biological reality of Viet Nam by invading Vietnamese territory. Soviet agriculture has been a "catastrophe," says Ardrey, because it is communized and the individual farm has been abolished. The Republic of South Africa is bound to grow more and more powerful as long as we keep insulting their right to lead their own lives in their own way, on their own territory. "The principal cause of modern warfare," he says, "arises from the failure of an intruding power correctly to estimate the defensive resources of a territorial defender."

Thus, arguing from the fact that numerous animals—deer, robins, many fish, monkeys, lemurs, et cetera—are innately territorial, Ardrey concludes that the ownership and defense of "property" is instinctive in all animals, humans included, and that we violate this instinct at our peril.

What does he do when he comes to the gorilla and the chimpanzee, the animals closest to us in physique and intelligence, and discovers that they have and defend no territory, *i.e.*, are not "territorial"? Why, he says, these animals, whom he absolutely detests, are "evolutionary failures" and are becoming extinct. The reason they may be on their way to extinction, however, I would point out, has nothing to do with their lack of innate "territoriality" but rather with their being hunted and trapped by men for food and for sale to zoos and to experimental laboratories, and with the encroachment of man on their feeding grounds.

Let me quote from an article by Raymond A. Dart, the great palaeoanthropologist in *Current Anthropology*, July, 1960, entitled "Can the Mountain Gorillas Be Saved?" Professor Dart is one of Ardrey's heroes. In the article Dart pleads for the gorilla and appends a letter from the Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo Belge to UNESCO and a report by Professor George B. Schaller of the University of Wisconsin, a distinguished student of primate behaviour. I give some relevant passages from Professor Schaller:

> The gorilla sanctuary is situated partly in the Congo and partly in Ruanda-Urundi. Unfortunately, in Ruanda a cult of cattle is practised, introduced by the Watutsi. . . . The social importance of the proprietor [of the cattle] is dependent upon the number of heads of cattle he possesses; further, no beasts are sacrificed for . . . food. This fruitless pasturage has led to a total disappearance of wooded vegetation . . . [and] induced the herdsmen to thrust their herds into the forests of the Parc National Albert. . . . Today, after twenty-five years of protective efforts, the mountain gorillas in their sanctuary are threatened with irremediable destruction. . . .
>
> Habitat destruction is the greatest danger facing gorillas in the Virunga volcanoes.

A book Ardrey is fond of quoting is *Primate Behavior*, edited by Irven DeVore and published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston in 1965. Yet, Ardrey has overlooked passages in that book that would challenge his thesis that the gorilla is becoming extinct because it is not territorial. For example:

> p. 327: Populations of gorillas probably drift or are pushed about as local conditions change. The most important disturbance to the region during the past 200 or more years has been the repeated clearing of the forest for cultivation. . . .
>
> p. 334: Some Bantu tribes persistently snare, spear, shoot, or net gorillas for food and to protect their crops, making man the only major predator on the apes.
>
> p. 335: Gorilla groups varied in size from 2 to about 30 animals.
>
> C. Cordier, an animal dealer, has trapped or seen groups of 4, 13, 14, 15, 19, and 25 animals in the lowland rain forests near Utu.
>
> p. 336: It is possible that in the absence of predation by man such factors as availability and type of forage influence the size of groups.

Similar considerations apply to the chimpanzee.

But it is all so absurd . . . everyone knows that nearly *all* wild animals are becoming extinct in Africa and that the Negro may be on his way out, too: the breakdown of tribal culture, starvation, disease, intertribal warfare, exploitation by whites, including the massing of Negroes in immense concentration camps . . . all are hastening the disappearance of this great race. What we shall have left eventually in Africa is a race of steely-eyed whites, gripping their rifles and surrounded by a devastation they call "civilization" . . . supported, perhaps, by "foreign aid."

Conclusions and Reflections

Since the Middle Ages and before, men have developed biologically based ideologies—blind prejudices—to "explain" and support things as they are. In the Middle Ages the preferred biological model was the human body—the king or the pope was the head; and the limbs, et cetera, were servants carrying out the wishes of the sovereign. Hence, like the body, the state of things on earth was necessarily well-ordered. We find similar bio-metaphysical nonsense even in modern times. Walter B. Cannon's theory of homeostasis *(The Wisdom of the Body)*, in which society is compared to the self-regulating human body, is a distant relative of mediaeval thought.

Nowadays, meanwhile, the type of image we use to express society is beginning to change a bit. Pareto, an Italian economist and sociologist, took the capitalist economic system as the model of society in equilibrium; and Talcott Parsons, a Harvard sociology pundit, compares the workings of society to Newtonian mechanics. As our culture has been swept by one great idea after the other, there have always been "men of talent" who happily pin themselves to the coattails of the idea in order to ride to glory. Ardrey is merely one of the latest in the group. Let us remember that what we read in such writings is nothing but ideology—the unconscious grammar of a self-justifying, status-interested group.

Konrad Lorenz, however, is quite another matter. Much as I sympathize with him, I understand that he is one among the many romantics who, looking now at the "primitive," now at animals, imagine they perceive the ideal of man in a return to some previous state of gentle innocence. Tacitus, Rousseau, Paul Goodman also belong here. These men hunger for what never was and for what can never be. It is a sweet-sad dreaming we do sometimes as we sit in our studies drinking the last wine of man's brief tenure. Nearly two thousand years ago Tacitus, reflecting in the *Annals* on the horror of the reign of Tiberius, imagined a primitive state when man was no Roman, but honest and gentle.

> Primitive man had no evil desires. Being blameless and innocent, his life was free of compulsions and penalties. He also needed no rewards; for he was naturally good. Likewise, where no wrong desires existed, fear imposed no prohibitions.

Paul Goodman seems to think that all this will come true in the simple, philosophic anarchy of the small community. Lorenz sees it in his beloved greylag goose.

So, in conclusion, my friends, let us drink a cup for the romantics, and scatter a little wine on the grass for them, for those who sorrow now, and for those who died in their sorrow; and let us try to feel compassion even for the ideologues, for they walk as blind men and do not know it.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Malice in the looking glass?

In his essay "My Face," Robert Benchley pointed out that on more than one morning after the first look in the mirror, he'd look behind him, sure that someone else was standing there trying to frighten him. Usual villain in our case: eyes. They're a pair of double crossers that tend to puff up inexplicably, scaring the wits out of us even when the evening before was one of solid virtue and the hours of sleep numbered nine. To outwit these rascals, Ann Rudo, somewhat of a cosmetic innovator, invented a masque. A pretty one that ties on firmly, cosily. Inside story on this is two cotton rolls saturated in rich, nicely scented oil which snap in to fit just under the eye where same oil has already been applied. Time: an hour or two to overnight. One-time users like the effect, the idea of concentrated lubrication in that always-so-dry area. Miss Rudo's loyal followers enjoy more permanent results—no shock in the A.M. looking glass.

For quicker facescapes

If they don't stop making things so suggestively you-can-take-it-with-you, we'll never have another excuse for being less than ravishing no matter how far we are from the dressing table. . . . Now it's a makeup base, whipped into a swivel stick: Helena Rubinstein's Silk Fashion Minute Make-up Stick. Provides all the good coverage you want for the face you put on in the morning plus convenient portability for touch-ups on the road. Eight complexion shades to mix, match, and contour with; two toners, a blush to play up colour, a mint to play it down. The makings of a foundation wardrobe in sticks that gives you the same thing we'd like to have in all matters: leeway. For beguiling facescapes, you might want to bag a number of these facile swivel sticks. . . .

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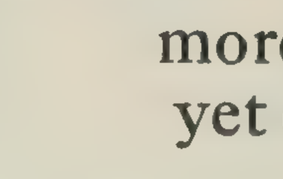
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HOW NOT TO COOK FOR CHILDREN

By Sylvia Vaughn Thompson

Ambrose Heath, that mine of English cookery, has compiled, as well as his *Good Potato Dishes*, *Good Sweets*, and *Good Food without Meat*, a little book, *Good Food for Children*. It was written "For Sukins," and published in 1941. I pulled the book from the library's shelves, expecting a kind of gastronomical Dr. Spock. After reading it, however, I have decided that Sukins and other English children must, in wartime, have been hungry enough to eat anything.

Of course one must allow for a totally different national taste. Are there really children who will eat cold cooked porridge? Even moulded into "little individual shapes, which look so much more appetizing"? I recently spent a morning making peanut-butter sandwiches for Amanda's fifth birthday-party picnic. I cut twenty-eight soft white sticky bunnies, kitties, lions, elephants, fish, and hobby-horses: a peanut-butter zoo. Do you imagine that those fourteen little children noticed they were eating bunnies, kitties, lions, elephants, fish, and hobby-horses? Do you think most of them even troubled to eat the sandwiches at all? Then why would a child be appealed to by a dish of flat, cold, greige pussy-cat of oatmeal? As Benjy would put it, I'm afraid, "Yuck!"

I have found I needn't go out of my way to entice the children into eating their morning porridge, hot. A handful of currants, or raisins, or chopped bits of dried apricots, peaches, pears, apples, or prunes is stirred into the boiling milk—always milk, never water—before I add the cereal, and then very fresh wheat germ is sprinkled over the honey in every bowl; they ask for two or three helpings every time. I know this is common knowledge, dried fruit in the gruel, but the mornings I forget it I regret it. The other thing to remember is not to let the children know it's good for them.

Then there is the chapter on soups. Heath proposes Purée of Brussels Sprouts (sugar and nutmeg added) and Cream of Cabbage soup (cooked an hour and ten minutes as only the English can). Would never go. I am a soup maker of very long standing. My children have eaten freshly made soup nearly every day of their lives. Let me try to set down any strong-flavoured borscht with sour cream or an unfamiliar gazpacho, and the children will either develop sudden stomach cramps and rush from the table, or sit stonily slouched in their chairs.

What they do love, their "best soup" as Dinah calls it, is one of my favourites, too. I sauté potato slices in butter until they colour, perhaps adding a few rings of onion or some shallots or a whiff of garlic, then I add as much of the vegetable of the day as I feel like: a coarse dice of tomatoes, or carrots, or green beans, or celery, whatever's in favour.

I cover these vegetables with some vegetable broth saved from an earlier meal, or make a quick light broth from cube or jar or can. Then I cover the pot and let it simmer just enough to cook the vegetables. If the flavouring vegetable is delicate and quick-cooking—parsley or lettuces, for example (and, not surprisingly, my children love a meadow-scented soup)—I add it just before the potatoes are done.

Then I whiz all this in the blender: Children like a smooth texture above all, I think. I reheat if necessary, and serve it from my ochre pottery tureen: They like the ritual of ladling out. For garnish, I sprinkle each bowl with a few of the flavouring vegetables I've spared from the blender, to identify the soup. Something else children like: They want to know what it is. ("What is this?" asked Dinah. "A purée," I said. "No, I mean, what *was* it?")

My children never tire of this sort of soup because it's always different, always simple, always satisfying. Even their friends, unused to homemade soup ("I like chicken noodle, Mrs. Thompson . . ."), find themselves sliding their bowls up to the pot for second helpings.

And fish. "Most children love to have their whiting with its tail in its mouth," said my Englishman. On a cold day in hell, they do. Evidently this bit of fishy distortion is universally performed in England, because another English cookbook writer, a spirit like mine, mentions the miseries of her fish days in the nursery, those whitings biting their tails were frightening dishes for children.

We dine on what David used to call "Missa Fish" two and sometimes three nights a week. Amanda has been known to eat five helpings of filet of sole. Dinah, aged six, will eat a whole Dungeness crab, if I'll let her. Benjy, seven, best likes sword- (he pronounces the "w," as his father does when he reads the children fairy tales) fish steaks, two big ones. And David, ten, can put away a buttery pound of scallops if I'm not watching.

Whether Amanda's sole has been dipped in milk, then corn meal, then quickly sautéed in clear bacon drippings (a fisherman's wonderful trick), or Dinah's crab is served icy cold with just-made mayonnaise, or Benjy's swordfish has been grilled and garnished with crisp almond slivers (nice texture contrast), or David's scallops have been poached in a *fumet* of clam juice then lightly sprinkled with chopped parsley, one thing is certain: The children want their fish to taste of the creek or lake or sea from which it came.

Yesterday, for example, the children and I were walking along the beach in the late afternoon, and we stopped to talk to a man in scuba gear who had just speared a grey glossy fish. Dinah got him to give it to us and carried it home, fascinated. That was after five o'clock. At six, we each had a bite of that perch, sweet, sea-salty, and as piercingly fresh as anything I have eaten. I had filleted and steamed it in butter, then deglazed the pan with lemon juice.

One subject upon which Heath and I might agree, except for his tendency to disguise or drown everything, is eggs. He gives some delightful suggestions for—well, now, I don't *know*. Why must eggs be baked in Bread Sauce, or Mashed Potato, or Tomato Cups, or a Fluffy Egg Nest (shudder) when they can become Eggs en Cocotte à la Crème? A buttered cocotte, ramekin, or custard cup for each person, set in hot water; a fresh egg slipped in; the tops dotted with butter, then covered with heavy foil and baked at 375° from four to ten minutes, depending on how the children like their eggs. Just as the white has begun to set, a spoonful of thick cream poured over the egg, and then the baking is finished.

Ambrose Heath mentions Eggs with Spinach, a recipe rather like one of our favourites, Oeufs à la Florentine. All it needs to make a balanced dinner are some carrot sticks, glasses of milk, and perhaps some fruit for dessert. Add enough thick béchamel sauce to a couple of packages of frozen chopped spinach, cooked without added water, to make the spinach thick and creamy. Season with nutmeg, salt, and pepper, and a touch of powdered onion, and spread it in a flat buttered casserole.

Poach some eggs gently in water, drain them, then slip them into a circle of dents pressed into the spinach bed. Sprinkle on a mild grated cheese. To add the cheese to more of the béchamel and make the sauce a Mornay is absolutely proper for Eggs Florentine, but I don't bother. Put the dish under the broiler just to melt the cheese.

I also make soufflés on desperate days: A thick béchamel base again, a few yolks whisked in, then a cupful or so of chopped whatever-there-is-in-the-icebox added, and finally one more egg white than there were yolks, beaten until stiff and folded in. Baked at 375° for thirty-five minutes.

Heath's meat chapter, I'm

afraid, just Won't Do At All. Liver Dumplings, Heath suggested. Once all my children loved liver sliced paper thin, the way the Venetians do, and sautéed quickly in safflower oil and butter with melted onions. But then the world got to my children. Their friends would cry LIVER! and burst into a series of psychedelic colours and contortions. Now my children look at me cross-eyed when I try to trot it out.

Meat Puddings, Rabbit Casserole, Toad-in-the-Hole do nothing: It's roasts and broiled chicken all the way. Once in a while I can slip in a casserole of noodles or rice and leftover meat, if it's well decorated with sliced tomatoes and melted cheese and a bonus of sesame seeds on top.

I suppose, if there is one meat our children prefer above all, it's my meat loaf. I have to make it in three-pound batches. That's three pounds of ordinary "ground beef," or sometimes I add portions of veal and pork (less pork because I find it too fat).

The secret of this ultra-juicy meat loaf comes from a friend who did it first while stuffing a cabbage head with meat. It is a lot of bread crumbs (dry, or cracker crumbs), about a handful per pound, whizzed in the blender; and an egg a pound; and then enough buttermilk, or sour milk, or sour cream, or sweet milk with a fair amount of lemon juice in it, to make the ground meat the consistency of creamy oatmeal. Then I add lots of garlic powder (children like garlic, if you begin early enough), dill weed, and maybe some dried sweet pepper flakes. And salt and some MSG.

Then I moisten the bottom of a nine-inch square baking pan (in which the loaf cooks more evenly and faster than in a bread-loaf pan) with catsup, pat in the meat, moisten the top with more catsup, and cover the pan tightly with foil. The meat loaf bakes at 325° for an hour, but it can go longer if it has to. This is not Just Meat Loaf, but the sort of thing that, while it sat on the sideboard after the children had eaten one evening, several of our dinner-party guests wouldn't stop nibbling at, even though they knew about their boned, stuffed chickens roasting in the oven.

Vegetables are thorns in our sides. Heath has given a chapter of pure Christopher Robin. Carrot Sandwiches. Brussels Sprouts Mould. Mock Whitebait: oversized zucchini cut in strips then deep-fat fried, "more for a joke than anything else." I'd like to see him getting a laugh in our house with *that* one! And thirty-seven ways to cook potatoes.

Children will eat *some* vegetables voluntarily. We all know the favourites. And anything that's been quickly simmered, then served with plenty of melted sweet butter, children will at least taste once. I keep trying. One by one, vegetables are making the grade. David genuinely does like broccoli. Dinah has found the sweetness of a purée of carrots and parsnips. But for the nitty gritty of vegetable vitamins, I rely on the favourites—mostly raw, at their disposal in a big plastic bag in the refrigerator, and on a good tossed green salad every night. I find the nights I put in a sprinkling of grated Parmesan cheese and some browned croutons, they specially like salad.

Heath's pages on Puddings find him at his British best. Rhubarb Tart, Potato and Date Pudding ("try custard with this"), Mock Poached Eggs (cold semolina cut in rounds, spread with custard, a tinned apricot set in the centre), or Bananas with Chocolate Sauce. But there is also a nice Apple Snow, an Emergency Chocolate Mousse of whisked egg whites, icing sugar, and finely grated chocolate.

Our children loathe rice pudding (like those watching Milne's Mary Jane, I keep wondering what's the matter, because I love it), aren't crazy about pies—although tarts, so decorative and open, can capture their fancy, and only like cake if it's angel food, sponge, or génoise. Fruit goes best. And Jell-O. But I have rediscovered an Early American dessert that, although not for everyday, is a huge success and a breeze to put together.

It's called "Fool," and is entirely whipped cream, fruit purée, and sugar. The classic is gooseberry, which I made last summer. Now I use applesauce flavoured with vanilla. And banana (when it's brown and unsightly to skittish eyes) can go into the whipped cream. Strawberries, peaches, apricots: fresh, fresh-poached, or canned, singly or in combination. A dessert of beauty and utter simplicity.

Simplicity. The key to cooking for children. Children see things in primary colours. The nuances take a few years. There is time enough to learn about herbs and spices and marinades and sauces.

M.F.K. Fisher, in *The Gastronomical Me*, once wrote about ". . . a beautiful honey-coloured actress who . . . likes to invite a lot of oddly assorted and usually famous people to a long table crowded with flowers, glasses, dishes of nuts, bowls of Armenian jelly and Russian relishes and Indian chutney, and beer and wine and even water, and then bring in a huge bowl of oxtail stew with dumplings. She has spent days making it, with special spices she found in Bombay or Soho or Honolulu, and she sits watching happily while it disappears. Then she disappears herself, and in a few minutes staggers to the table with a baked Alaska as big as a washtub, a thing of beauty, and a joy for about fifteen minutes.

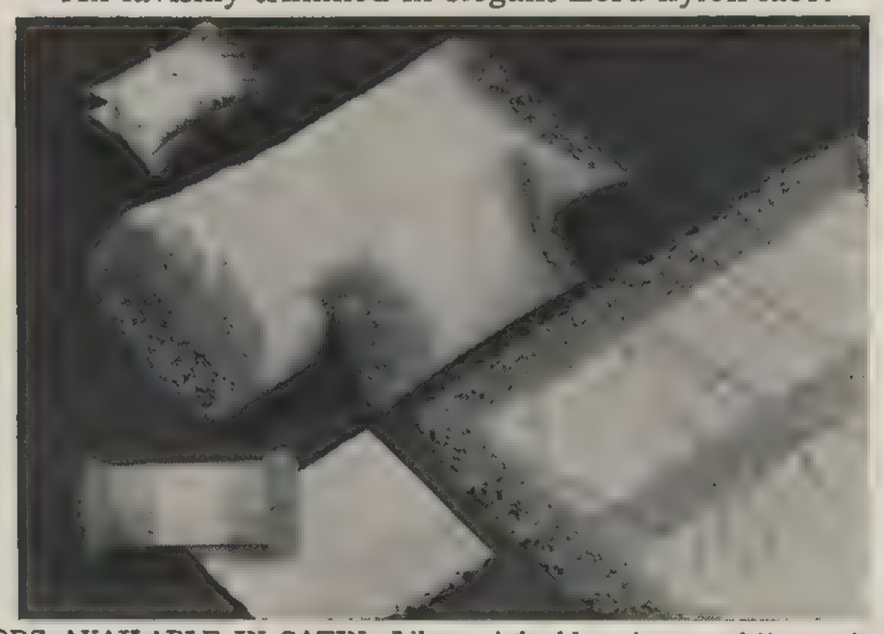
"But this star-eyed slender gourmande has a daughter about eight or nine, and the daughter *hates* her mother's sensuous dishes. In fact, she grows spindly on them. The only way to put meat on her bones is to send her to stay for a week or two with her grandmother, where she eats store ice cream for lunch, mashed potatoes for supper, hot white pap for breakfast.

" '*My* daughter!' the actress cries in despair and horror. I tell her there is still hope, with the passage of time. But she, perhaps because of her beauty, pretends Time is not."

Time is, indeed. Time has come full circle. For that spindly daughter who loved her store ice cream, her mashed potatoes, and her hot white pap was me.



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1913: AN END AND A BEGINNING

By Virginia Cowles

EDITOR'S NOTE: 1913: An End and a Beginning *is the title for Virginia Cowles's fascinating book on life in seven great cities on the eve of World War I. With extraordinary perception and erudition, she evokes for us the sweep and the detail, the atmosphere and the look of that glittering, extravagant, apparently impregnable world which was to crumble and die so irrevocably one year later. Miss Cowles, a journalist and historian, whose books include* Winston Churchill; The Era and the Man *and* The Kaiser, *is married to Aidan Crawley, chairman of the new London Weekend Television company. Here in an excerpt from her book, to be published by Harper & Row later this year, is an unforgettable account of life in Rome in 1913.*

The Roman season in 1913 began at Christmas and ended in June. Dinner parties were rarely given, for hostesses preferred the flexibility of an "at home," where people dropped in at eleven at night and stayed as long as they liked. Most of the great Roman palazzi were converted into flats with a separate family occupying each floor. However, the rooms were so vast that many of the flats had a ballroom and a dozen other rooms as well.

The rage for fancy-dress parties had spread from England, and the ball of the year was given on April ninth by the British Ambassador and his wife, Sir Rennell and Lady Rodd. Over a thousand guests were invited. Many of them took part in elaborate tableaux which spanned the centuries and encircled the globe, ranging from Olympus to Renaissance Italy, from Arabia to the France of Louis XV.

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Lady Rodd appeared as Juno accompanied by the heroes of Homeric legend, while Sir Rennell was attired as an Elizabethan Ambassador. "My wife in a classic dress of blue and gold with a crown of turquoise took her seat on a throne composed of two peacocks," wrote Sir Rennell, ". . . while the other divinities grouped themselves around her. . . . There was, I believe, some misgiving among the Ambassadors as to whether their dignity might not be compromised by their appearing in fancy dress. But the diffident adjusted their scruples by putting on dominoes. I could not well take part in my wife's classical group as an Olympian deity, but I had no hesitation in assuming the part of an Elizabethan Ambassador, and my costume was a copy, made at home, of the famous Court suit of Sir Walter Raleigh, only that the real pearls with which its white silk was studded were replaced by the beads which a well-known Roman industry supplies. Dering, the Counsellor, supported me as Sir Francis Drake, and we received the guests in the ballroom, conversing with Count San Martino, gorgeously attired as an envoy of Ivan the Terrible. After the guests had assembled in the ballroom, in the centre of which a space was kept clear, the various processions entered successively.

"A magnificent procession from the *Arabian Nights* was headed by Prince Liechtenstein, the naval attaché to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy. It included some of the most beautiful women . . . in Rome. They danced a languorous Eastern dance," which was considered very daring. Another group, in the cos-

tumes of Louis XV, provided an anti-climax by performing a stately minuet.

The Duke Lorenzo Sforza-Cesarini played the part of the Milanese tyrant, Lodovico il Moro. "The Princess of Paliano was Beatrice, and the Countess Virginia della Somaglia, Isabella d'Este, while Somaglia himself followed his patrons as Leonardo da Vinci." The Duchess of Sermoneta, who until her marriage had been Donna Vittoria Colonna, played her ancestor of the same name. She was "dressed in dark-grey velvet broidered with gold," and "advanced with the famous book of sonnets in her hand, accompanied by her uncle, Don Prospero, in the guise of Ascanio Colonna, and his three sons wearing the old Colonna armour." Domenico Orsini was dressed as Napoleone Orsini; the Marchese Vitelleschi as Michelangelo; Conte Giuseppe Primoli as Bernardo Castiglione. "We little imagined then that a year later they were to be divided in the fiercest struggle in human annals. For me personally that historic ball, which was one of the last great social events before the breaking up of the old order, has therefore always seemed to have a certain analogy with the famous ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo."

The most spectacular figure at the Rodd Ball was the bizarre and fascinating Marchesa Casati, "a strange shimmering golden figure, attended by satellites with gilded faces . . . a sun-goddess as conceived by Bakst."

Luisa Casati was the brightest star in the Italian social firmament. Born the daughter of a rich Milanese industrialist, she had married an equally rich Marchese Casati. In 1913 she was thirty-two years old. She was not classically beautiful, but her tall, almost pencil-like figure, her exquisite hands and feet, her wonderful eyes, and perhaps above all her wildly extravagant, exotic clothes, had made her a legend from one end of Europe to the other. Diaghilev sought her advice; Augustus John and Boldini painted her; Epstein sculpted her; D'Annunzio wrote to her. She wandered wherever the fancy took her, rented palaces on impulse, and spent a fortune giving parties. The money not only went on food and drink but on creating a fantastic background, sometimes as elaborate as a stage décor, to provide the right atmosphere for the party. Once, at Capri, when the heavens were uncouth enough to cloud over on the evening of her dinner party, she managed to have an artificial moon strung up which actually moved across the sky.

"The fabled Luisa Casati," wrote Lady Diana Cooper, describing a trip to Venice, "lived in the half-built Palazzo Vanier dei Leoni. I saw her drifting down the Grand Canal under a parasol of peacock feathers, but this surprise was nothing to the succession of glorious shocks that were to come.

"At the first of her parties she received us in her roofless palace by the light of a brazier on to which a nakedish slave for each new arrival flung a fuel that flared up into white flame. Another slave struck a reverberating gong announcing every guest, while she, the Casati, tall and elegant in a lampshade shirt, seemingly growing out of a wide bowl of tuberoses, presented each of us with a waxen flower. I remember thinking with what grace the foreigners received the flower and how clumsy we poor English were, saying, 'Doesn't it smell good!' When another said, 'Quelle émotion—Madame!' "

At the next party, "the Casati wore the trousered Bakst-designed dress of an animal tamer. On her shoulder was a macaw, on her arm, an ape. She was followed closely by an attendant keeper leading a restive leopard, or puma it may have been. . . ."

The Marchesa probably was the most extravagant woman in Europe. Whereas other women travelled with twenty trunks of clothing, she travelled with forty. Her luggage often matched her clothes; she had a set made of black velvet, another of leopard skin, the two fabrics she wore most often. Her animals were no passing phase; she loved her menagerie of whippets and pumas, and soon began to collect snakes. She refused to move without her reptilian companion, and ordered satin-lined boxes

(Continued on page 144)

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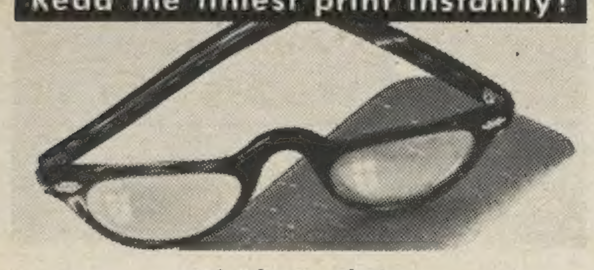
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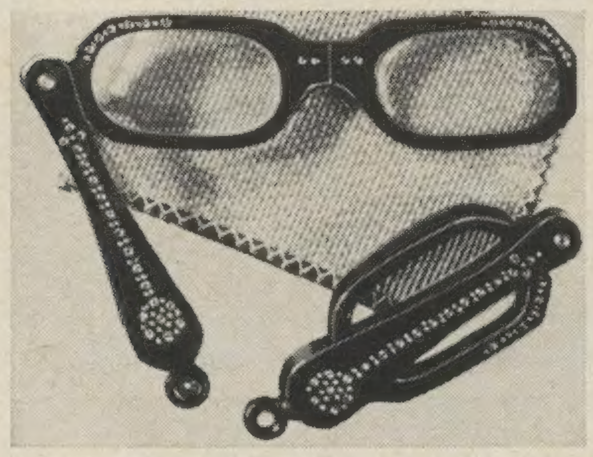
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LEATHERS RENEWED

1913: an end and a beginning

(Continued from page 143)

from her jewellers so that the snakes would find the journey comfortable. "She was the D'Annunzian Muse incarnate," wrote Harold Acton. "Wisely, she seldom uttered; ordinary sentiments from the lips of so chimerical a creature were inconceivable: They would have struck a discord. The companions of her choice were albino blackbirds, mauve monkeys, a leopard, a boa constrictor, and among Englishmen, Lord Berners."

If the Marchesa talked little, she had a sly sense of humour. And when she did make an observation, it was to the point. Once, when she was living in the Pavillon Rose near Paris—one of the many houses she took on impulse—an Englishwoman, Mrs. Hwfa Williams, called on her. "She said she wanted to show me her pet python," wrote Mrs. Williams. "I was by no means eager for the privilege as . . . I am not a lover of snakes. However, I could not very gracefully refuse, so off we went to the python's lair. Repressing my emotion as best I could, I gazed at the lustrous black-and-yellow coils, only half-reassured by the Marchesa's information that the python is not a venomous snake but merely crushes its victims to death.

"I looked with some apprehension at the motionless knot. Was it waiting to spring? Did pythons spring? Did they give one long squeeze or a sharp jerk? 'He is very still,' I said after a minute.

" 'Yes, he is, isn't he?' replied the Marchesa. 'He's been dead quite a long time now.' "

The Marchesa was half a century ahead of her day as far as makeup went. She achieved the 1968 look after hours of labour. For instance, she wore false eyelashes, which meant she had to glue every hair on separately. Her face was dead white, and her eyes outlined in black. She dyed her hair auburn, backcombed it, and wore it so high that Jean Cocteau remarked there was scarcely a closed vehicle in Paris that could accommodate her.

At every costume ball "the Casati" always outshone all the other ladies. Once, she went to a party as Lady Macbeth, dressed in black velvet; at her throat was a perfect wax replica of a hand, bloodstained and clasping a dagger.

On another occasion, she anticipated Goldfinger by arriving as an Oriental princess followed by a boy gilded from head to toe.

Her passion for snakes upset many people. She frequently wore a wonderful necklace made of gold, with the head of a snake clasping its tail. People often asked her if it were Egyptian, but she always shook her head and smiled enigmatically. When the necklace began to move, they knew the answer.

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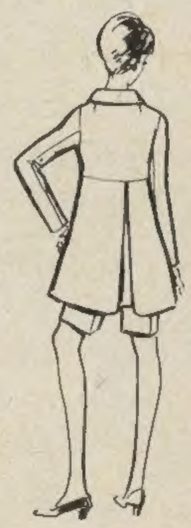
Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 120-121; other views, yardages, details)



7270

Above: A zippy little suit in wheat-coloured cotton—pull-over jacket with bias-cut collar; A-skirt. Pattern includes sleeveless culotte dress. Vogue Pattern 7270. Sizes 8 to 14. Size 12 requires 3 yards of 45″ fabric without nap. Price: $2. In Canada, $2.20.



7193

Above: Short-pants suit in wheat-coloured cotton—pattern for double-breasted coat calls for eight buttons; we used four. Skirt included. Vogue Pattern 7193. Sizes 10 to 16. Size 12 requires 4½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap. $2. Canada, $2.20.

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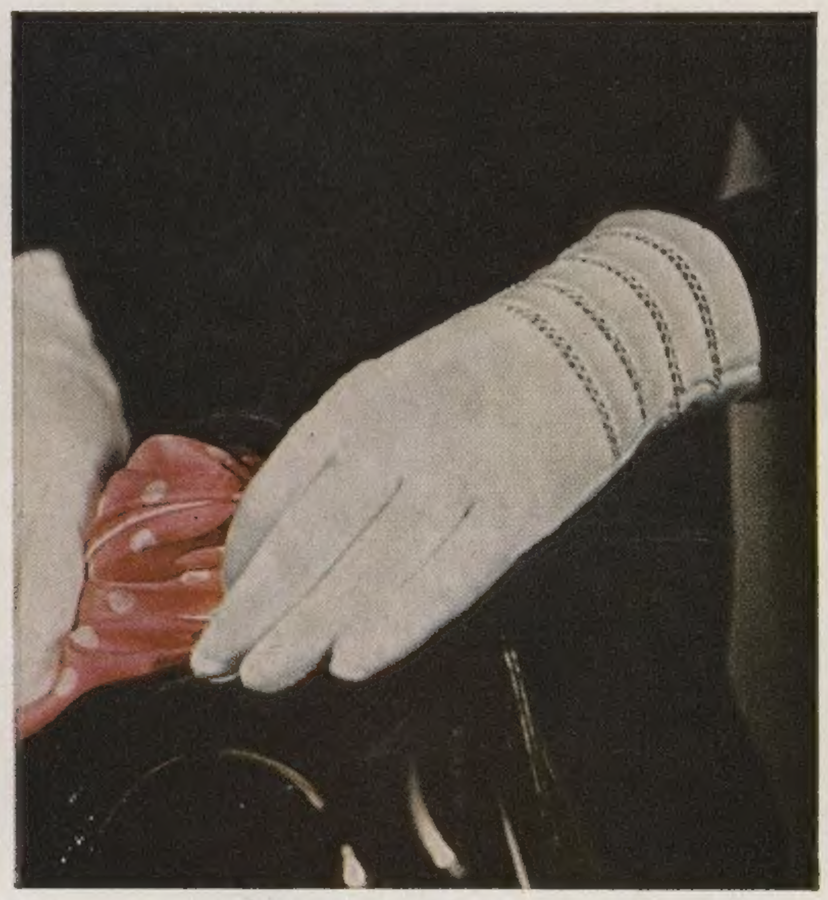
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